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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 29, 1885.

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NEW YORK CITY.—PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE INTERIOR OF THE TEMPORARY TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT
AT RIVERSIDE PARK.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 21.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1885.

LAW TO COMPEL COMPETITION.

THE scheme by which Mr. Vanderbilt and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company seek to monopolize all the traffic and travel between New York and the West seems likely to be defeated by a wholesome provision of the Constitution of the Keystone State prohibiting consolidation or the swallowing up or leasing of competing lines. If this is enforced according to the views of ex-Chief-Justice Agnew of that State, it will be impossible for the sale of the South Pennsylvania to the Pennsylvania to be consummated. If the transfer takes place it will be through the hands of a third party, of course; but an examination before a jury would disclose the circumlocution, and show that it was an attempt to fraudulently evade the fundamental law. No legislation has ever been had to enforce and define the provision of the Constitution to which Judge Agnew refers; but the Constitution is paramount to all statutes, and is operative without their help. Indeed, in the absence of an Act limiting penalties, a court may inflict whatever punishment it may deem necessary, not only revoking illegal contracts, but even declaring a forfeiture of franchise.

Whatever happens, States must reserve to themselves all power over the railroads as public carriers. They must enforce the constitutional provision which forbids the consolidation of parallel roads. And those which have, like Pennsylvania, a provision that a road begun as a parallel or competing road cannot be sold out till it is finished according to the original purpose, must enforce that prohibition also. For therein lies the ability of the people to prevent monopolies. No grave monopoly can arise while competition is left free. Under free competition the United States has been covered with a network of roads of amazing intricacy and effectiveness. Their freight and passenger rates are far cheaper than those of any other roads in the world.

Of course avarice is the source of this vast system. Men devise and build railroads to make money, and to make money other men project other lines of rail, running parallel, to tap the field of their traffic. After the Erie Canal was opened, in 1825, the State of New York began to charter railroads. Little links were built along the banks of the canal, from Albany to Buffalo, and other bits along the Hudson, from New York to Albany, and these were at last consolidated. The Harlem was also built, and finally passed under the same management. A competing line to the West shortly appeared in the Erie; and then the Lackawanna, reaching out for coal, also found a terminus at Buffalo. Then came the West Shore; the Midland, which pushed across the State to Lake Ontario; and the Lehigh Valley, which sent its locomotives to Lake Erie. Thus we have five through lines; and there are eight or ten single-track lines crossing the State, with fragments here and there which could shortly be connected to make new trunk lines.

But the era of consolidation has begun. The New York Central has swallowed the West Shore. The Pennsylvania wants to gather in everything that runs parallel with its lines. Other leading roads are preparing to absorb annoying rivals. If this spirit were permitted to have its way, other new lines would be at once projected, in the effort of competition to divide anticipated profits. It is better for all that it should be prevented. American "enterprise" has already overreached itself. Only one-third of all our railroads have paid a dividend of any sort this year. During four years the enormous, inconceivable sum of \$800,000,000 has been sunk out of sight in our railroad ventures. Investors need whatever protection they can get from a law which, by prohibiting consolidation, discourages new plans for wasting money. We seriously doubt whether the policy which Vanderbilt and the Pennsylvania directors have marked out for themselves is financially wise, even from their own narrow point of view; for money goes in a hurry wherever it is called, and if they could buy up, or close up, or destroy, or control, every mile of competing rail, and then raise rates all around, capitalists would instantly project other parallel railroads, and the last days of that monopoly would be worse than the first. It will be better for all concerned if the prohibition of the Constitution of Pennsylvania can be rigidly enforced.

THEY DON'T LIKE IT.

IT is not to be disguised that the Democratic party, as a whole, is hostile to the attempt which President Cleveland is making to enforce the laws of Congress for the improvement of the Civil Service. In New York there is an open rupture, and those who believe that "to the victors belong the spoils" will probably control the Convention of the party to meet at Saratoga on September 24th, and hold in their hands the fate of its candidates. In Ohio the campaign has begun with a degree of lethargy and sluggishness scarcely ever before known; and in Iowa the platform of the party, while enumerating the President's imputed virtues, makes no allusion to the zeal in behalf of a reputable public service which he is

supposed to have exhibited. The real spirit of the party was shown at the County Convention in Indiana, where the Democrats there assembled "Resolved, That a good many of the offices are still in the hands of the Republicans; and Resolved, That the President should at once turn them out and put Democrats in their places." This platform of local candor represents the true feeling of inoffensive partisans, and it threatens to make itself felt in the State campaigns this year.

SEEKING QUICK JUSTICE.

IT is notorious that most men prefer to lose any small sum of money rather than to seek to recover it in the courts. The law is so very badly mixed, the progress of a trial so slow, and lawyers so expensive, that no litigant can be at all sure of getting justice. In view of this condition of things, the American Bar Association last year instructed a committee to investigate and suggest some remedy for the law's delay. Two members, David Dudley Field and John F. Dillon, have reported that the trouble is—in ten long words—"Complex procedure, inadequate judiciary, procrastination, retrials, unreasonable appeals, uncertain law."

Advancing from this standpoint, they conclude that delay and uncertainty can be lessened by specific changes, which may be summarized as follows: Summary judgment should be allowed upon any written obligation to pay a definite sum of money at a definite time, unless an order of a judge be obtained, based on affidavit, showing cause; direct methods of procedure should be compelled; statement of claim and defense and other writing should be done out of court; stricter discipline should be enforced and personal altercations prevented; trials before referees should be limited in duration; no trial should be postponed because of engagement of counsel elsewhere; motion for provisional remedy should be decided within a week; new trials, where injustice is not obvious, should be prohibited; when a court adjourns leaving unfinished business, one or more persons should be commissioned to act as judges and clear the docket; the law should be reduced to the form of a statute.

These recommendations are admirable in spirit and tone, and they bear the impress of the same brain that has done such remarkable service in codifying and simplifying the tangled laws of New York for the convenience alike of lawyers and laymen. There can be no good reason why most of them should not be adopted, to the great satisfaction of all who sincerely seek justice. When summary judgment can be obtained on an obvious obligation, when rich litigants cannot get new trials or otherwise postpone the verdict without adequate cause, when cases are not laid over from week to week and from month to month merely because the lawyer pleads another engagement, when a judge cannot go off on a fishing tour without commissioning somebody to dispose of unfinished business, then, indeed, will barristers and shysters and robbers be defeated in their unrighteous schemes, and good lawyers and honest clients rejoice that justice is attainable. At the present moment it is easier for a poor man to obtain justice in England, France or Germany than here in "the model republic," and if we desire that our form of government be held in respect, something must be done at once to wipe out this reproach.

THE PLAY AND THE OPERA.

IN the train of the departing Summer comes the aster to the garden, the golden-rod to the field, and the colored poster to the dead walls and theatrical billboards. The opening of the houses of amusement for the "preliminary" season—a ceremony full of pleasurable excitement to true New Yorkers and to the regular "floating" population of the metropolis—has been brought about this year fully a fortnight earlier than usual. One reason why the managers have so pushed Autumn's events as to tread upon the heels of the dog-days is probably that the three or four houses which have been kept open all Summer, with light entertainments suitable to the season, have enjoyed an unusual measure of prosperity. This is accounted for by the fact that, since the development of Coney Island and the other convenient seaside places, where one may take refuge any hot day and return in the cool of the evening, New York is no longer deserted in Summertime. The unanimity of the managers in hurrying forth their attractions is also due to the fact that very few of them have any settled policy, or distinctive line of production. Consequently, they watch one another with a jealous eye; and, each fearful of being left behind, they move upon the public all at once, sometimes two or three of them with the same piece.

Of the twenty-seven theatres, opera-houses and variety-shows which divide the dramatic and musical patronage of New York, and originate a large proportion of the material annually taken "on the road" by the traveling companies, sixteen are now either regularly under way with their season's work, or occupied in an experimental way by temporary "stars" or "combinations." Reviewing these, together with the announcements for the Fall and Winter, we may say that the outlook is promising in an artistic sense, while the theatrical people declare it to be good financially. One thing noticeable is the prevalence of comic opera, for which Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, Audran, Millocker, Genée and Suppé are largely responsible. It has been the main stay of the

Summer season; and at the present time it "holds the fort" at five theatres, to take no account of its cousin-german, musical burlesque, at the Bijou and elsewhere. Moreover, in the complicated, and at times farcical, litigations and rivalries over "The Mikado," it has furnished the foremost theatrical sensation of the day. Spectacle is represented at its old home, Niblo's; and the Bowery clings to its melodrama. Prospectives are out for grand operas at both the Academy and the Metropolitan—the respective citadels of the Italian and the German schools. The legitimate drama will be upheld by its recognized representatives, American and foreign—Booth, Barrett, Salvini, Jefferson, Keene, Sheridan, Modjeska, Mary Anderson, Rhea, and their followers. Mr. Daly, with his famous company, will continue to give localized comedy of the most *spirituel*. We hear of great expectations concerning new plays in embryo, or already in rehearsal, by most of the writers who have a name, and by numerous other writers who hope to win one. It is evident, therefore, that New York and its intellectual dependencies are to be amused, surprised, edified, and—it is not too much to say—instructed.

PERILS OF THE SANE.

HOW many sane people are in our insane asylums vainly beating out their lives against the prison-bars? Is any sane person secure in the possession of his freedom? Whose turn will it be next to face the affidavit of some perjured physician for his commitment?

A thrill of horror and apprehension runs through the country as the details of the case of Adrienne Brinckle, of Philadelphia, are read and understood. Incarcerated in the State Lunatic Asylum at Harrisburg for more than a quarter of a century, and perfectly sane every minute of the time—that is, in brief, the terrible story. When young she was an acknowledged belle, the queen of the best society of Philadelphia, beautiful, accomplished, only daughter of a wealthy physician. Her father became involved in financial distress, and her income was suddenly much reduced. Finding difficulty in adapting her straitened circumstances to her extravagant habits, she ran in debt, sold a piano she had not paid for, and was threatened with arrest. In this dilemma her father called upon the motherless girl, and told her that the only way she could escape arrest for fraud, and save the "family honor," was by being temporarily locked up as a lunatic. To procure the signature of another doctor to the papers of commitment was easy; her scruples and protests were overcome, and she was placed in "custodial care." Her father died, leaving her \$5,000, and she inherited as much more from another relative; but her constant appeals for freedom were unavailing. For twenty-seven years she has lived with lunatics, herself treated as a lunatic, and has maintained her reason through it all. She entered those dark portals a beautiful girl, in the full flush of young womanhood; she comes out a gray-haired woman of fifty, the light of hope gone out.

Such a case is too horrible to be dwelt upon with patience. That it should be possible in this land and age of liberty is a bitter reproach to our civilization. Can every State's asylum present such a case or such cases?—that is the question which rises before the mind and will not down. One thing we can do: we can institute a thorough investigation of the victims of alienism in every State, such as has brought to light the Philadelphia outrage, and can find out whether responsible and intelligent human beings are elsewhere suffering martyrdom as prisoners, in the midst of a society which they are so well calculated to adorn.

THE ST. LOUIS MURDER.

THE murder of Edward Preller, a modest, refined and educated young Englishman, by another Englishman named Brooks or Maxwell, belongs to that extraordinary class of murders which are amazing in their enormity. Maxwell, who is obviously a plausible villain, seems to have formed the acquaintance of Preller on board an ocean steamer, and had subsequently cultivated an intimacy with him in Boston and by correspondence elsewhere, and under the guise of an ardent friendship, he induced his unsuspecting friend to meet him in St. Louis, where they were to discuss future plans for their mutual advantage. In their hotel they dine and smoke and play billiard together, and associate on terms of the closest intimacy. Preller, it would seem, had retired to Maxwell's room on a quiet Sunday afternoon, and there, in the innocence of his confiding nature, had dropped to sleep upon his "frier l's" bed, which proved to be his bed of death. Whether the cupidity and avarice of Maxwell were first aroused when he beheld his sleeping victim thus helpless and in his power, or whether they had their origin weeks before, we cannot now know. We only know that Preller, in his hours of confidence, had made known the fatal secret that he was the possessor of several thousand dollars, and had generously paid for all articles bought for their mutual pleasure. The diabolical impulse seized the treacherous companion of the sleeping Preller to make the sleep eternal with chloroform, so that he could rob him at his leisure and escape with his stolen spoils. In the quiet of his chamber the murderous work was begun, but the subtle agency of death being exhausted through accident, the murderer hurried, with the evidences of excitement upon

him, to two druggists to procure fresh supplies of the deadly drug with which to finish the ghastly murder already half done. The work of murdering the generous friend who implicitly trusted him was prolonged for more than an hour, during which the time of this deliberate murderer was apparently divided between gloating over the gold he was soon to possess, stifling the groans of the dying man, and hastening the hour of his dissolution.

The next step taken by this monstrous criminal, we may suppose, was to rifle his victim's pockets and trunks, just as the last breath had left his body, and then, with the price of the murder transferred to his own pockets, to lie down in the room with the murdered friend to pass the night. The bloody act of severing limbs from body followed next, and then the concealment from sight of this mangled trunk and its severed members, so horrible in their mutilation, closed the shocking drama of a crime seldom matched in its infamy. The red-handed murderer washes the crimson stains from his bloody hands, pays his hotel bills with his murdered friend's money, and departs to distant parts where, as he supposes, the electric wire is unknown. With all his smartness, Maxwell did not know the fact, easily ascertained, upon which the safety of his forfeited life depended. Arrived at Auckland, he found that he had rushed over thousands of miles into danger, when he might have eluded pursuit in mountains or in cities nearer home.

Since the extradition of Maxwell, his own contradictory utterances have contributed greatly to strengthen the general conviction as to his guilt. First he boasted that he would produce Preller upon his trial for Preller's murder, and prove that he was a fellow-conspirator in a scheme to swindle the life insurance companies. This pretext vanished when it was found that Preller had little or no insurance upon his life. Next he alleged that he had given his friend an overdose of chloroform by accident, and had fled through fear. This defense requires the further proof that he robbed his victim accidentally, or stole his money, shirts, socks, and other property, while chloroformed himself. His next line of defense will doubtless be that he was insane, and this will have the colorable support that this was one of the insanest of all sane murders. But the crime was prompted by just that kind of insane avarice for which the only perfect cure is strangulation. That cure is in this case in a fair way to be applied.

SUMMER RESORT RIVALRY.

ONE of the most amusing features of each recurring season of outing, is the attempt made by the various Summer resorts, through the newspapers, to surpass each other in the announcements of their attractions. We are, and have been, accustomed to the usual formula of "good table, pure air, and no mosquitoes," and for this reason and others, based upon sad experience, it has lost most of its effect. For the past three seasons, therefore, the ingenuity of the Summer hotel landlord had been diligently employed in seeking for new and original attractions likely to bring gold into his coffers. The hotel proprietors on the lower Jersey coast excited the envy of their neighbors for two seasons with their sea-serpent made out of india-rubber and empty barrels, anchored a mile off shore; but this was too dangerous to last long, and has been abandoned for other devices. The present season has been especially fruitful in novelties. Asbury Park led off early with red-headed girls. It was confidently stated in the correspondence from that charming resort, and even editorially alluded to, that at the morning bathing-hour the auburn locks of a thousand maidens "encarnadined the multitudinous seas." Visitors by the thousand, it is said, have in consequence flocked thither, anxious to gaze upon the wondrous sight. So affected have many of them been by the spectacle, that the impossibility of obtaining spirituous refreshments alone has prevented them from giving the same crimson hue to the town as the maidens' locks have given to the sea. The device has been successful beyond the wildest dreams of its originators.

Watch Hill followed Asbury Park with the next most important attraction. This was the use of wheelbarrows in the surf. Every youth is, upon his arrival, provided by the hotel proprietors with a wheelbarrow. At the bathing-hour he takes this down to the beach and invites a young lady to seat herself in it, facing the ocean. At an appointed signal each youth wheels his fair burden into the water, and when a towering header comes foaming in, all together toss the expectant fair ones into it. The effect is said to be ludicrous in the extreme, and the Watch Hill wheelbarrows have already become famous.

The attractions offered at Long Branch this year are not as novel or harmless as those of Asbury Park and Watch Hill, but they have been even more profitable, and have advertised the place much more extensively. We allude to the so-called club-houses, otherwise gambling-houses, whose magnificent interior decorations and furnishings have been so often described. The Branch has also had its lady with six hundred dresses, and its King of the Dudes, but no great novelties have so far been produced there. Saratoga has had no striking feature, beyond the great and impressive one of General Grant's visit and death; but desperate efforts are making to devise something new and startling, and the attempt may yet be crowned with success. New London induced the beautiful Mrs. Helyar, Mrs. Langtry's rival, to visit its precincts, and Mount Desert has had Jay Gould and his yacht. Richfield Springs is the last to enter the lists, but it does so with a bound. Last week the skeleton of an Indian was suddenly discovered near the leading hotels, and antiquarians, anatomists and anthropologists have been called in to give their opinions upon it. The discussion upon it has now narrowed down to the question whether this departed red man was the Chief of the Cayugas or the Last of the Mohicans, and the public are anxiously awaiting its final determination. It is a "big injun" for the hotel proprietors at any rate, and the discovery will end the Richfield season in a blaze of glory.

So the Summer of 1885 has indeed been a prolific one in the matter of novelties. We have missed the devil-fish, to be sure, and several other attractions grown dear by long acquaintance, but those that have taken their places have many elements of enduring popularity.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE eyes of European diplomats are just now turned towards Constantinople, whither Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, the special British envoy, has gone for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for the future management of Egyptian affairs. His proposal to the Porte is, substantially, that England will make over to Turkey the whole of the Nile Valley south of Assouan, together with the west coast of the Red Sea from Suakin to a point near Massowah. His proposal does not come up to the demand heretofore insisted upon by the Sultan, which was that he should be permitted to resume the direct and untrammeled authority once exercised by Turkey in the Nile Delta, including, of course, the substitution of a Turkish Pasha, removable at will, for an hereditary Khedive. While it ought to be plain that no such concession as this could ever be made by England, it is thought that the Sultan may persist in demanding it, and, in that event, the negotiations must necessarily come to an end. Should that be the result, it is believed that England will sign an agreement with Italy which will leave the latter Power free to carry out certain plans which she is reported to have formulated. These include the sending of 20,000 troops into the Soudan, to secure the Red Sea coast from Suakin, at present held by the British, to Assab Bay, along which lie most of the Italian possessions on the coast. The Italian scheme, in fact, contemplates securing control over all Eastern Soudan, and the use of Khartoum as a capital. It is not at all probable that, even with the moral support of England, such a scheme could be carried out.

It looks as if the Anglo-Russian trouble would be tided over. An understanding concerning the Zulfiqar dispute is said to have been arrived at between the two Powers, on the basis of the modified proposals made by the Russian Ambassador. These proposals suggest a new frontier line through the disputed district, and are understood to be based on a topographic survey made by Russian engineers. It is announced that notwithstanding the alleged adjustment of the dispute, the measures for the defense of the Indian frontier will be prosecuted without any abatement of vigor.

The tour of Lord Carnarvon, the Lord Lieutenant, through Ireland commenced last week. He was respectfully but not enthusiastically received by the populace, and at Galway and other points made addresses calculated to conciliate the disaffected. It is somewhat significant that there has been a succession of more or less serious agrarian outrages coinciding almost exactly in time and place with the Viceroy's itinerary, and the theory is advanced that these displays of violence are planned by the irreconcilables of the National Party for the purpose of destroying the growing popularity of the new official by compelling him to resort to stern measures of repression. The fact probably is that the outrages are the result of local causes, and have no reference at all to the Viceroy's tour.

A report received at Cairo that a civil war has broken out at Khartoum, that the treasury had been sacked, and that the Mahdi's successor and other officials have been killed, has not been confirmed. A more credible statement is to the effect that the rebels have captured Debbeh and Ambugusi, and are marching on Dongola. From Kassala it is learned that the Governor, being unable to hold out, made an amicable arrangement, greatly to the indignation of Osman Digna, who is alive again, and has hurried to Kassala with a view of putting an end to the true.

The annexation, by Germany, of the Caroline Islands, a great archipelago of the Pacific Ocean, has caused great irritation in Spain, which claims sovereignty over the Carolines. The fact appears to be that Spain has never been in actual possession of the islands, while both Germany and England have settlements upon them, and as long ago as 1875 presented a joint note to Spain declining to recognize her claim to sovereign rights over the group. The failure of Olivier Pain to put in an appearance since some time before the capture of Khartoum, gives the Anarchist, Rochefort, a chance to display his ferocity once more. He declares that the British have hired native assassins to kill the Frenchman because he was an ally of the Mahdi, and he now calls on Parisians to kill the British Ambassador, Lord Lyons, in retaliation. The police are guarding the doors of the Embassy, in Paris.

THE steel-rail manufacturers have combined and agreed to reduce production, and thus raise the price—all of them sharing the increased profit. This is a poor makeshift. If it really increases the profit of manufacture, it will at once tend to stimulate production abroad, as well as to multiply competitors here at home, who will insist on being "let in." Low prices is a serious disease, and while there may be ameliorating ointments, nothing will cure it but good times.

IT does not yet clearly appear who was the judge that President Cleveland was induced to appoint by false representations as to his character, but it is probably Dawne, appointed to the Alaska Bench. He hailed from Oregon, and had tried his hand at a dozen sorts of business with ill-success. A prominent Democratic lawyer of Oregon alluded to him as "a minister without a congregation, a lawyer without a client, a doctor without a diploma and a banker without a dollar. No wonder the President grieves that he was taken in."

SOME of the farmers of the State of New York seem inclined to call Governor Hill to stern account for neglecting to obey or enforce the law creating a Forestry Commission for the State. It was his duty to set the requisite machinery at work to protect the woodlands against marauders, but he has totally ignored the whole matter. He has certainly mistaken the will and wish of the people of the State, as he is very likely to ascertain at an awkward moment. Does he think the farmers of this great Commonwealth can safely be treated like children?

PRINCE BISMARCK's opposition to emigration from Germany, and the measures adopted to prevent it as far as possible, are having a decided effect in diminishing the numbers leaving that country. According to statistics just published, the total number of emigrants leaving Germany for the first six months of the present year was 65,345, as compared with 90,301, 94,145, 117,801 and 123,139 in the same period of 1884, 1885, 1882 and 1881 respectively. There may be, however, other causes contributing to this result, such as the improved condition of the Germans at home, or, possibly, a contraction of the field for enterprise abroad.

THERE is no reason, based on any previous act of his, to suppose that President Cleveland had any intention or desire to insult the Dominion Government, or offer an affront to the dignity of Great Britain, in the appointment of ex-Fenian Wheelan as United States Consul at Fort Erie. Neither does the same plea that has been accepted as an excuse for mistakes in some other appointments—ignorance of the antecedents and character of the individual—hold good in this case; for the seat of Wheelan's operations was in

Buffalo, where Mr. Cleveland was living at the time of the Fenian excitement. Nor, if it be true that the President personally supervises all the appointments made by the State Department, can it be claimed that Wheelan was successful through the personal act of Secretary Bayard. In any view of the case, the Canadians not unnaturally protest, and no one—not even the most devoted Fenian—need be surprised that the Dominion press urges the authorities to officially inform the Government at Washington that Wheelan is not wanted.

THE outlook for the iron trade is said to be more hopeful. The reports from the seats of the industry in Pennsylvania are generally encouraging, and it is believed by manufacturers that a revival is at hand. In the Schuylkill and Lebanon Valleys a number of furnaces are in full operation, while others are preparing to go into full operation. Some firms have advanced the wages of their employees and increased the hours of labor. In the Mahoning and Chenango Valleys the iron-workers are in good spirits, looking forward to a season of activity. Nearly all the firms in that region have signed the scale, and no further trouble with the workmen is anticipated. From other sections the reports show a largely increased demand, and the feeling of confidence among manufacturers is steadily strengthening.

ADMITTING all the good claimed to be done by the members of the Salvation Army among the vicious masses, it is questionable whether the odium cast upon the cause of religion by their rant and noise and extraordinary methods does not more than counterbalance the good. Last week the New Jersey Court of Chancery granted a preliminary injunction to a citizen of Asbury Park to restrain the Salvation Army from making unseemly noises in the barracks near his house. The complainant stated that his life had become unendurable in consequence of the conduct of the Salvationists. Permanent benefit to the cause of Christianity cannot result from such very objectionable means. It is not conceivable that the meek, mild and decorous Author of our religion could countenance conduct so opposed to the tenor of His life and the genius of the religion He established.

IT is said that a movement has been started among Democratic tariff "reformers" to prevent the appointment of Representative Randall to the Chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee of the next House. It is charged by the "reformers" that Mr. Randall manipulated the various Appropriation Bills to defeat tariff legislation, and that in this way he prevented the embodiment in law of the principles of the party. Of course, the free trade influence of the country will be thrown in favor of Mr. Randall's deposition from the position he now fills, but it may well be doubted whether Mr. Carlisle, should he again be Speaker, will care to precipitate a collision with the formidable element of which the Pennsylvania Representative is the conspicuous expositor. It is quite certain that should he consent to do so, the party will very speedily find itself once more in minority, or at least so far disintegrated as to make its success in the Congressional elections of next year a matter of grave doubt.

A MILLION dollars has been fixed upon as the amount to be raised for the Grant memorial at Riverside. The sum is far too great for a statue, a monolith or an ordinary monument of any sort; but it is little enough if the purpose is to construct a massive temple, simple and grand, combining beauty and utility. This temple should either be an imposing crescent, like the Trocadero Palace in Paris, or a magnificent arch of triumph, like those of Titus and Napoleon; and its interior should be, in any case, devoted to some great national purpose—become a school of military or industrial art, or a museum of the relics of war, or perhaps combining both. It should be of no local or transient significance; its object should be a high one, and the lesson to be taught by it as broad as the world. The hill at Riverside is a superb footstool for such a work of art, to be at once commemorative and prophetic, and by appropriating a million dollars to it we can attain something which shall for ever be the shrine of a reverent-hearted nation.

SOCIETY in the Province of Quebec is becoming more illiberal, intolerant and prejudiced year after year, until now so paramount have Ultramontane influences become that the Legislature and law courts are auxiliary and subservient to the Church, and the hierarchy rules others as well as the *habitans* with a spiritual rod of iron. Recently crucifixes were placed in each court-room in the Province in obedience to an Act of the Provincial Legislature, and a few days ago the British Colonial Secretary, in answer to a question as to the legality of such an Act, replied that the Legislature was competent to pass such a measure. Last week one Hermas Poitras attended the parish church of St. Anne, in the vicinity of Montreal, and shortly after the service was arrested on a warrant issued by a Justice of the Peace, the charge being that Poitras had committed an act of irreverence in the church, "by placing himself on one knee and keeping the other only slightly bent." Ridiculous as such a charge was, the man was fined \$8. Poitras is a most devout Catholic, and through illness was prevented from kneeling according to the prescribed method. Mr. Poitras subsequently consulted a law firm in Montreal, and the latter have commenced a suit against the Justice of the Peace and others for \$2,000 damages for false arrest.

CHICAGO Socialists, like others of their class, who are too lazy to work and too vicious to obey laws except under a wholesome fear, are at once too silly and too foolhardy to be at any pains to conceal their real purposes. Cowardly and sneaking like the individual wolf, they become bold and blatant with the bravery of the bully when they assume the proportions of a mob. They demand "bread or blood"—the bread that honest men have earned and on which they have no claim, legal or moral. In a recent Sunday's parade, one of their banners bore the legend, "Our Children Cry for Bread." As far as their banners go, this one was distinguished by the unusual merit of telling the truth. For this lack of food they seek to make society responsible; it has apparently never dawned on these incendiary, revolutionary and Nihilistic individuals that the responsibility for properly providing for their own offspring rests on the individual fathers and mothers, and not on the public at large. The grotesque criminality of these would-be robbers of the money that others have earned or saved has never been more forcibly illustrated than by the fact that the same mob that proclaimed through the streets of Chicago the hunger of their offspring only managed to appease their own thirst by the consumption of three hundred kegs of beer. It never occurred to these howlers after "an equal division of property" that the cost of three hundred kegs of beer, invested in the purchase of bread, would appear a good deal of hunger. But one must not look for reason, common-sense, or any other commendable quality, in a Chicago Socialist.

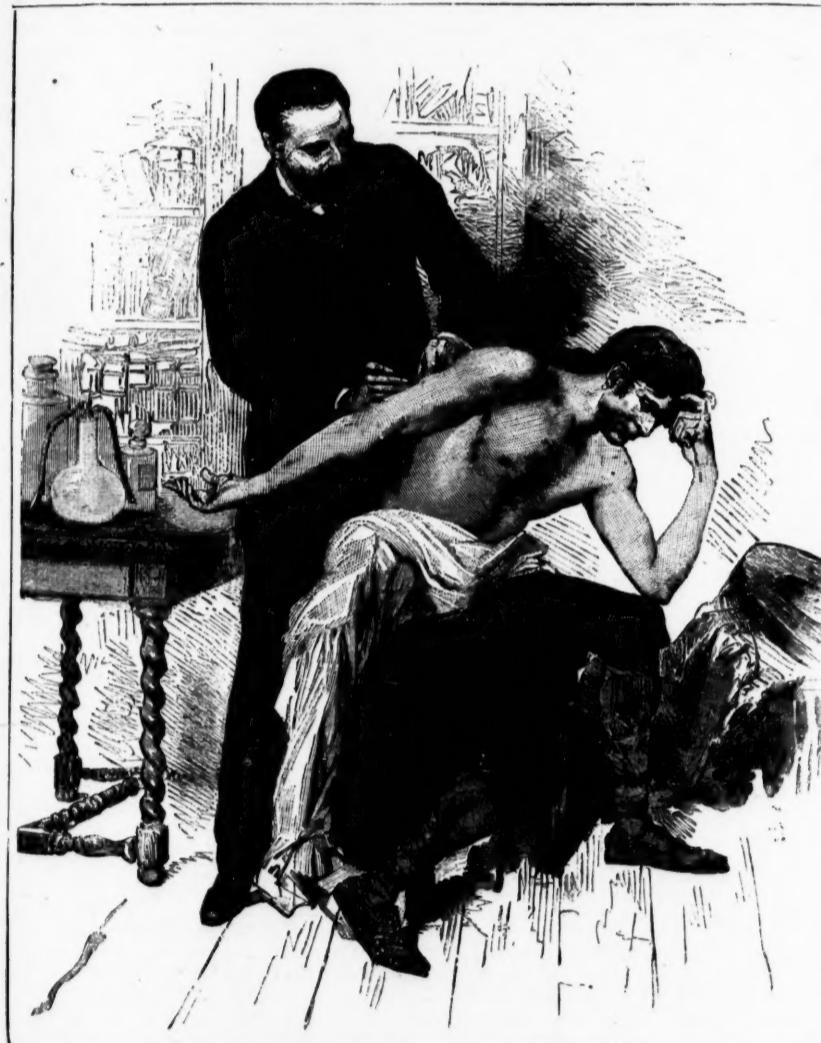
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 22.



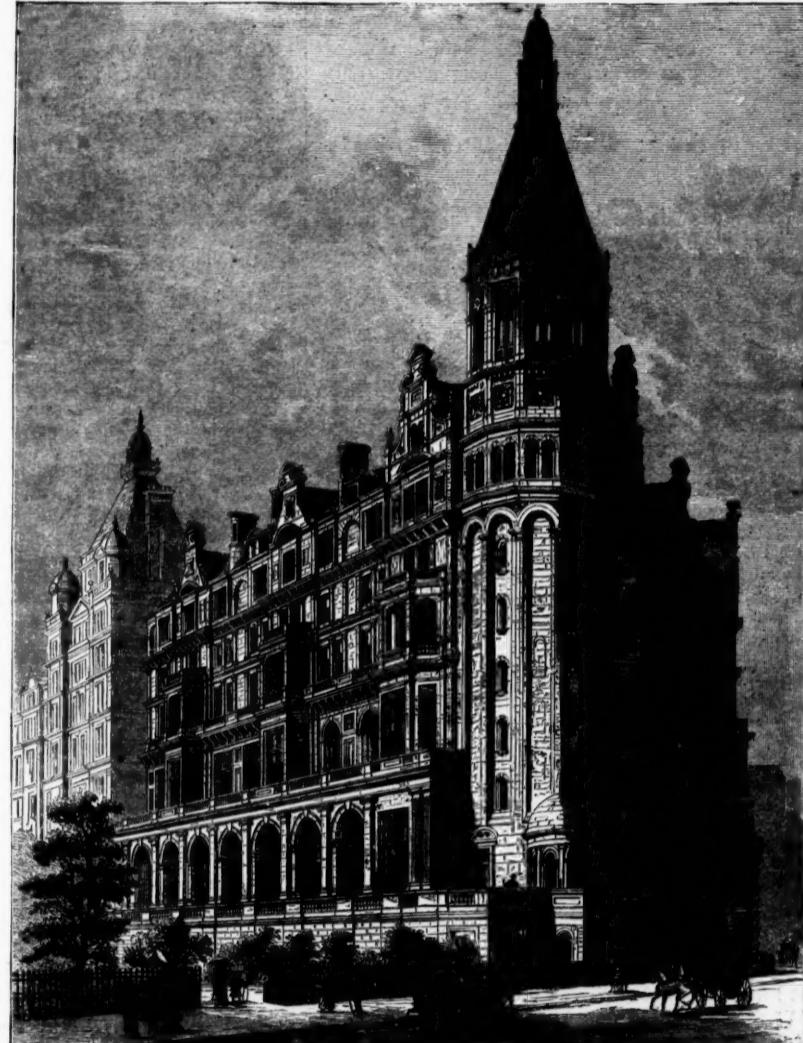
JAPAN.—A NATIONAL FÊTE (FROM A DRAWING BY A JAPANESE ARTIST).



FRANCE.—STATUE OF VOLTAIRE, RECENTLY ERECTED.
ON THE QUAI MALAQUAIS, PARIS.



SPAIN.—CHOLERA VACCINATION OF A PEASANT BY DR. FERRAN.



ENGLAND.—THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB, WHITEHALL PLACE, LONDON.



ENGLAND.—TOMB OF SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE AT RAMSGATE (A COPY OF THE
TOMB OF RACHEL IN THE HOLY LAND).



SPAIN.—PEASANTS, IN A CHOLERA-STRICKEN PROVINCE, BEARING AWAY THE DEAD.

GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB.

WE give another view of the interior of the temporary tomb of General Grant at Riverside Park, as it appears at the present time. It is still guarded by the regular soldiers of the Fifth Battery, and is visited every day by hundreds of excursionists and numerous bodies of young people from various institutions of the city. Floral offerings, copies of verses, and other tributes, continue to pour in. It is impossible to disregard these tokens of affection, or to discriminate amongst them. All are accepted, and distributed about the tomb. "It will be necessary soon," says the officer in charge, "if these contributions continue to come, to establish some place for their keeping. At the rate they are being sent, the vault will be filled in a few weeks."

THE ST. LOUIS MURDER.

WE have commented elsewhere on the peculiar features of the St. Louis murder case, in which W. H. Lennox Maxwell is the conspicuous and fiendish figure. Maxwell, as is shown by his portrait on this page, is a mild-mannered sort of fellow, by no means strikingly repulsive in appearance; but his nature, as exhibited by the brutal crime for which he is held, is obviously satanic. His conduct since his arrest and return to St. Louis has been marked by the utmost callousness and hardihood. He has had a fresh story almost every day in explanation of his connection with his victim, Preller, and he seems wholly indifferent to criticism so long as he can pose as an object of public curiosity. Up to a recent date he was allowed to receive visitors, male and female, without much restriction, and some of the latter have loaded him with presents and manifested an interest in him which they would not probably bestow upon a less notorious personage than a red-handed murderer. It is simply amazing that women, of any class, should so far unsex themselves as to "decorate with their praises" a red-handed criminal like this man Maxwell.

Recent cable dispatches state that the real name of the murderer is Hugh M. Brooks, and that his father is Head Master of St. George's School, in the town of Hyde, England. - Young Brooks was articled to a solicitor at Stockport, served his term as a clerk and law student in the latter's office, and successfully passed his examination for admission to the Bar. He opened an office in Hyde, and apparently prospered in his practice, but his extravagant habits resulted in the accumulation of a load of debts which he could never hope to pay. He absconded from Hyde, and took with him a tricycle and a magic lantern belonging to a friend, having evidently sold his own effects to pay creditors. Soon after his departure, a curate of Hyde, who had been an intimate friend of Hugh, also left the town, and the two men were



MISSOURI.—W. H. LENNOX MAXWELL, THE ST. LOUIS MURDERER.

PHOTO. BY J. A. SCHOLTER.

seen together in Paris, where they were giving photographic shows. The description given of Maxwell's effeminate manners and mincing walk exactly tallies with Hugh's style. It is noteworthy

that Maxwell sold a tricycle in Boston, and that the number of a watch he sold to a jeweler of St. Louis agrees with the number recorded in the books of a Hyde watchmaker as that of a watch

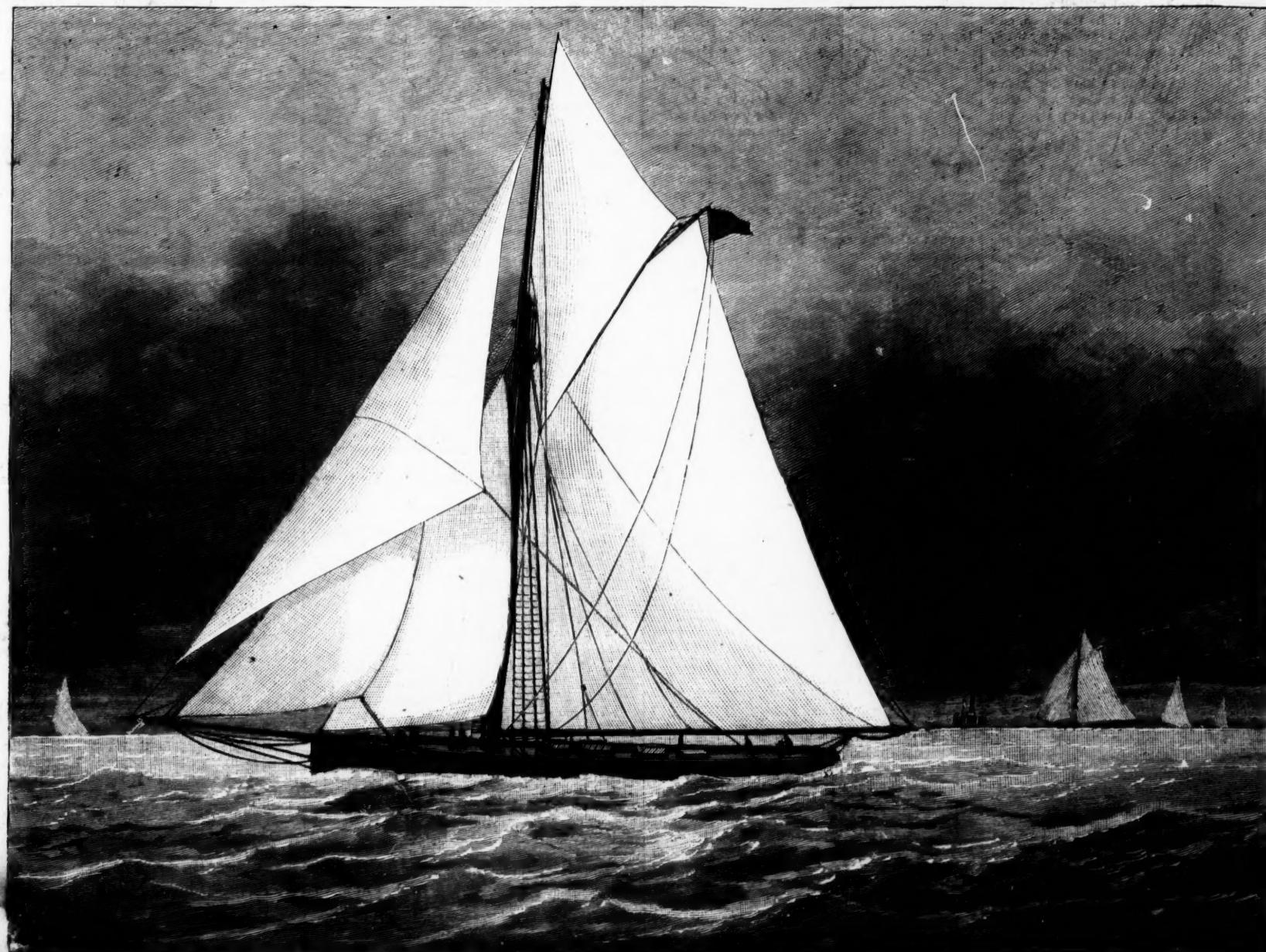
which he had sold to Hugh Brooks. The former associates of young Brooks are confident of his identity with Maxwell. They have seen the latter's portrait, as published here, and they recognize it as a portrait of Brooks. His parents assert that they have heard nothing from their son since he absconded.

THE GRANTS AT MOUNT McGREGOR.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia *Press* writes: "Mrs. Grant said to a friend, one day this week: 'I have quiet hours of weeping, of course, of which only God can know.' The three sons have somewhat alienated the public respect and favor which were their birthright by a failure to make anything of themselves but creatures of circumstances. They look thoroughly sobered now, and will perhaps begin all over again and depend on internal resources not yet developed for their success in life. Colonel Fred has disarmed criticism in a very perceptible degree by the devotion he has shown in this trying time to his parents, and which he now continues in a two-fold measure to his bereaved mother. He is tall and of goodly proportions, an unusually fine-looking man of thirty-five. He wears about the mountain a tall hat, with very broad brim, and also a badge of crape on his coat-sleeve tied in a bow-knot. This fancy bit of mourning is a good deal criticised, and detracts from the simplicity and dignity of his position.

"Nellie Grant Sartoris celebrated her coming of age on the 4th of July, 1876. She was then three years married, and has now three living children—Algernon, the son, and Vivian and Rose Mary, the two little daughters. The eldest, Ulysses, died in his babyhood. There is a whisper in the social circles of the mountain of something like a competition on the part of Mrs. Fred to distance Mrs. Sartoris in the family prestige before the public. But the people will always hold the latter the closer in affection, remembering her as their General's darling little daughter, the maiden pet of the White House, the bride whose marriage and going across the sea were the only things in her that ever saddened and disappointed them. The absence of Mr. Sartoris during all this period of family interest, and the fact that his children were not sent over with their mother to receive their grandfather's parting blessing, are quietly commented on, and made to bear their own interpretation. Mr. Sartoris was never worthy to bear away our soldier President's daughter.

"Mrs. Sartoris still wears the \$5,000 diamond ring which was one of her wedding-presents from a friend of her father's in public life. The day after the General's burial, Mrs. Childs, of Philadelphia, gave her a beautiful mourning-chain of onyx and gold for the little silver watch which she carries."



NEW YORK.—THE YACHT "PRISCILLA," CONTESTANT WITH THE "PURITAN" FOR THE SELECTION TO RACE WITH THE BRITISH CUTTER "GENESTA" FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CUP.

SEE PAGE 23.

THE PRINCESS GINEVRA'S PORTRAIT.

YES, I spent some years in Florence as an art student. I was poor enough in those days, glad to take any work that offered, and yet those free, careless days were very happy. When I look back to them, I revel again in the ethereal harmonies of color which on every side delight the eye; I breathe the delicious air, palpitating with an intense sense of life; I look out on silver-gray plains, brightening with rainbow lights; again I walk through lanes of sharp-leaved Spanish chestnuts; the subtle intoxication of youth and hope and boundless aspiration thrills every nerve and mounts to the brain.

I lived amidst a little coterie of artists, English and American, almost all of whom were as poor and as hard-working, and enjoyed the freedom of our happy Bohemian existence, as heartily as myself. My closest friend was Fane Lloyd, who was inclined to take life easily, though nothing vexed him more than any one accusing him of being a mere amateur. Whatever Lloyd's foibles might be—and I don't deny that they were many—no one could ever be persistently angry with him. It seemed perfectly natural that everybody should make excuses for him and help him out of his scrapes, which were plentiful enough. I, sober James Fenton, filled the posts of mentor, father confessor and counselor in general to my brilliant companion, and I assure you that the post was no sinecure.

Fane was, without exception, the very handsomest man I have ever seen. His features would have been effeminate in their delicate regularity had they not been illuminated by the glow of the deep-brown eyes and animated by an expression of bright vivacity. The fair hair clustered in close rings over a head which might have served as a model for an antique statue, and the golden-brown beard shaded and lent firmness to the delicate mouth and chin. We all took a sort of personal pride in Lloyd's good looks. His brilliant qualities might have excited envy, but his winning manner, his generosity, his lightheartedness and humor, always won friends. The women would make desperate love to him, and, though he was true of heart, Fane was too easy, vacillating and fond of pleasure not to be led into scrapes innumerable. A hundred times I vowed I should never again be troubled by any of his love affairs, but the very next time he got into any sort of difficulty, there I was again, mixed up in the disturbance.

One morning Fane and I were working in the Sala di Venuus of the Pitti Palace. I was working at a copy of the "Bella Donna" of Titian, for which I had an order, while Lloyd finished a sketch of the "Pieta" of Fra Lippi. As I was putting some finishing touches to the gold embroidery of the dress, I noticed a gentleman, evidently an Italian, standing behind me, surveying both pictures with a keen and critical regard.

"Per Bacco, non c'è male!" he muttered, and then began to talk very courteously about my work, finally asking me if I could copy for him three pictures in his gallery with which he was about to part, and of which he wished to have duplicates. Though I was sorry enough to relinquish the commission, I explained to him that, as my time in Florence was now short, it would be impossible to crowd so great an amount of work into the short period of my stay. However, the Italian was very urgent, asking if my friend could not be induced to aid me, and Fane immediately acceded to the request. He allowed us to fix our own time for work, and we arranged to begin early in the following week. On looking at the card given by our new patron, I found him to be the Prince Vittorio Caracci, of whose exquisite collection of paintings I knew well the reputation. On making inquiries from an Italian friend, we learned that the prince was considered very clever, and something of a *dévol*; that he had acquired some reputation as a connoisseur on art matters, and was not as poor as the Italian nobility are usually represented.

He had married a lady of the Bendellari family, a niece of the Cardinal of that name. He was said to be exceedingly jealous of his wife, who never appeared in society unless accompanied by her husband.

"I doubt if the princess is happy," concluded our informant. "My own idea is that the Palazzo Caracci is no better than a prison to the pretty creature. Vittorio comes of a cruel and crafty race, and in spite of his conspicuous piety and devotion to the poor—he is a brother of the Misericordia, you know—he is a man whose ill-will I should be sorry to incur."

"A modern Bluebeard. Well, I hope we shall be permitted a glimpse of this imprisoned beauty," laughed Fane, as he lit his cigar.

Plainly he regarded in the light of an adventure that I accepted as a very simple business affair. I made no answer. I was gazing at the Campanile, touched with the lovely glow of sunset, and standing out against the crystal of the sky like some exquisite creation of the imagination seen in a dream.

On presenting ourselves at the Palazzo Caracci, we were conducted up a great stone staircase, leading to echoing halls, to solemn vaults, to huge galleries and vast brick-floored anterooms, and finally conducted by a liveried servant into the library. The prince received us most courteously, and himself conducted us to the gallery, whither, he said, our painting-things had already been taken.

Prince Vittorio was a man about forty, tall, slender and distinguished in appearance; when he spoke or smiled he was decidedly handsome, but in repose there was something hard, crafty and sinister in the expression of the eyes, the high, narrow brow and the projecting chin.

We passed down a corridor hung with ancient tapestry and scantily furnished with old dower chests and antique vases; then ascending a marble

staircase, a door on the left admitted us into the picture-gallery. Light and sound came shaded and softened through the closed shutters into the great bare room, with its domed ceiling and frescoed cupids and goddesses. The prince appeared pleased by the admiration we both expressed for the masterpieces of art of which he was the fortunate possessor. He wished me to copy the portrait of an ancestress of his by Morone—that prince of portrait-painters—while to Lloyd was assigned a somewhat commonplace landscape. That impressive youth was enraptured by my work, and not at all disposed to settle industriously at his own.

"What an exquisite face—a pale rose, passion pale! What purity of outline, what glorious eyes! Why does one never meet such faces in modern life? It positively fascinates me!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically.

Examining the portrait closely, I had already come to the conclusion that no light task had been assigned to me. The picture represented a girl about twenty—a girl with a low, broad forehead, sleepy, mystic gray eyes, short upper lip, full scarlet under lip, a jaw somewhat square, and a magnificent throat. The face was of a delicate paleness, and the wealth of hair, like golden sunshine, hung down in rippling waves, unconfined by comb or band. She wore a dress of deep maroon velvet, with curious gold ornaments; the throat and wrists were edged with exquisite yellow lace, and she carried in her hand a fan of brilliant feathers. As I carefully studied the features, the charm diminished. There was something sneering and sardonic in the curl of the ripe, red lips, a suggestion of mockery in the glance of the proud, languid eyes. The portrait was three-quarters length, and bore simply the name "Ginevra."

The prince took great interest in our work. He had a way of slipping into the gallery by different entrances, as though he were watching us with ceaseless vigilance. I hated his stealthy, noiselessness of movement, but he was always complimentary, and his exquisite urbanity of manner was certainly flattering.

One morning we chanced to come rather earlier than usual to the Palazzo, and found that the windows had not yet been uncovered. The servant went to one and Fane to another; a quick exclamation from him attracted my attention, and I joined him. The window was so high, that, standing on the floor, one could not see out. We both knelt on the broad window-seat, and from our elevation we looked down into the courtyard at the back of the house, where a crumbling gateway of classic proportions led to a great closed wing of the palace. Beyond the gate an entrance led into a stately garden that lay half wrapped in mysterious shade. To and fro, in one of the secluded alleys, one who was tall and young and golden-haired, though we were too far off to distinguish her features plainly, was wringing her hands, apparently in vehement grief; her companion, who seemed to be a servant, was old, bent and wrinkled, and appeared from her gestures to be soothing and expostulating.

"It's not our affair. Come away," I said, in English.

"I don't know about that." Fane looked seriously discomposed. "I hate to see a woman in distress. Can this be the modern Fatima?"

That very afternoon the prince brought his wife to look at the pictures. I lost my self-possession for a moment; I could not withdraw my eyes from the lady's face; for there, smiling before me, stood the original of the portrait I was copying. In this case the golden hair was wound like a coronet around the small head, and the white gown was of a more modern fashion, but every line was distinctly the same.

"See, Vittorio, the signor is struck by the resemblance!" exclaimed the princess, with a light laugh of amusement. "That Ginevra Caracci was my ancestor, as well as that of the prince; the families were related, though not within the prohibited degree." There was something childishly simple and vivacious in her manner. She spoke eagerly, as though she were delighted to find an unexpected pleasure provided, and indeed I saw no reason why the admiration expressed by Fane's brown eyes should have been so very warm. "Alas! she was neither very good nor very happy, signor."

The prince interrupted her harshly, peremptorily.

"Basta! you must not interrupt the signor. Do you like the work?"

The young wife's face changed; she raised her head with an expression which was not only keenly scrutinizing but haughtily defiant. A lurid light flashed into the languid, gray eyes, which gave one a vague suggestion of clashing steel. Then, with movement of stately grace, she crossed the room in silence to a door in the wall behind us and disappeared. The prince followed.

"What a brute!" growled Fane, indignantly. "A nice model of Italian chivalry. He is the cruel jailer of that lovely creature."

"We have nothing to do with cruel jailers and afflicted beauties. Let us finish our work; the weather is lovely, and I have an appointment at the Casino."

The thought of the beautiful and oppressed princess captivated Fane's imagination. After that, old Marinacia, the princess's nurse, took a fancy to pay us frequent visits. The garrulous old creature, who was deeply attached to her mistress, could be shrewd and silent enough when it suited her purpose. She chattered freely upon the vanished glories of the Caracci and Bendellari families, telling, with a good deal of dramatic effect, legends of their feuds and triumphs, as well as some terrible stories of their craft and subtle, remorseless cruelty; but notwithstanding Fane's liberality, which she accepted as though conferring an honor, and his coaxing manners which caused him to stand high in her favor, Marinacia could never be induced to talk about

her mistress, or to gossip concerning the prince's domestic relations. Once Fane carelessly remarked on the resemblance between her lady and the portrait. Marinacia drew herself up to her full height, a deep, red spot burned on each withered, brown cheek, her black eyes flashed, she crossed herself rapidly.

"The Blessed Virgin and all the saints defend her from it. This one," pointing scornfully at the portrait, "was a wicked and wretched woman, even a poisoner. My lady was but a child when they took her from her convent—more shame to those who strive to stir up the evil which is in every human heart. Besides, curiosity in the homes of the great is unseemly." Then she marched away with great dignity, and it was some days before we saw her again.

Occasionally the princess accompanied her husband to inspect the progress of our work. He was always very civil and very voluble; but the lady rarely joined in the conversation, and when she did it was only to utter some superciliously disparaging criticism, and she always maintained an air of languidly haughty indifference. Once, turning abruptly, I was startled to perceive her eyes riveted upon Lloyd with inexplicable meaning; their expression was at once pleading, commanding and bewitchingly seductive; and when did Fane ever respond with indifference to the glances of a pretty woman? "The sooner we are out of this the better for all parties," I mentally decided.

That evening I tried to persuade my friend that I could finish the work at the Palazzo Caracci without his aid; but the man who was usually inclined to an easy indolence now insisted upon representing himself as a victim to his own industry, and as our work must be ended in a few days, I persuaded myself that it did not really matter.

The next morning, on taking up his palette, Fane uttered an exclamation of astonishment. There was a patch of blue which had not been left there the night before, and on it in black letters were traced the words: "Help the unfortunate. Stay till six. G."

Who could G. be but the princess? Fane was excited, and I don't deny that I was interested. Before six that evening the princess entered the gallery with her husband. I had a large box open at my side; as the lady was passing it she dropped her fan, it fell behind her, and the prince stooped to pick it up. A tiny scrap of paper fluttered into my box, and perceiving it, I immediately closed the lid before I rose to salute my visitors. The princess looked colder, haughtier, more bored than usual. Prince Vittorio insisted on treating us to a lecture upon the ennobling effects of religion upon art. He spoke ably and eloquently, and with much apparent feeling. I can't say I felt exactly comfortable while his keen, inscrutable gaze rested upon me. We dared not read the note until we reached our rooms. It ran:

"Your faces are kind; I may surely trust you. Are you willing to aid a most unhappy woman? There is imminent danger in the attempt. I am so watched that I cannot acquaint my relatives with my wrongs. Help me to communicate with Cardinal Bendellari. Write 'Yes' on your palette, and I will then give you directions how to proceed. G."

I was greatly disturbed. Was it safe to risk ourselves with the domestic troubles of a man so powerful as the Prince Vittorio. Perhaps the lady only wanted us to carry a letter to her uncle. There seemed a cowardice and a lack of chivalry in refusing to help a woman who might really be wronged and wretched. As I recalled Vittorio Caracci's hard eyes and thin-lipped, obstinate mouth, I could easily believe that he possessed an immense capacity for cruelty.

Before leaving the Palazzo next day, Fane traced, in small, black letters, on a green patch, the word "Yes," which would not be noticed unless sought for, as they looked like idle touches of the brush. The following day, uncovering his canvas, he found pinned to it a tiny slip of paper, on which was written:

"The day before you finish leave in your box a coil of rope thirty feet long; send by a safe hand the letter addressed to my uncle. Receive the thanks and prayers of a most unhappy woman. G."

We were putting the finishing touches to our work; only the varnishing remained to do next day. We hastily hid the paper. Scarcely had we done so, when the prince entered. He was, if possible, more affable and flattering than usual. His compliments really made me feel uncomfortable. As he was leaving the room, I happened to raise my eyes. There was before me a quaint, old-fashioned Venetian mirror, which tipped slightly forward as it hung rather high, in it I could see the reflection of Prince Vittorio's face as he turned at the door; he was gazing fixedly at Fane with an expression so intense, wicked and cruel, that the features seemed transformed. I turned sharply, but he was gone.

After Fane had gone, old Marinacia paid me a visit. Her sun-gilt complexion had changed to copper-color; she looked cross and withered and anxious. She stood for some time absently gazing at the picture. "The fair-haired signor has gone. Better that he should not return to the Palazzo Caracci." Then bending towards me, with a glance of deep significance she added, in a whisper, "There are seasons, signor, when Florence is dangerous for foreigners."

"We shall finish to-morrow, Marinacia, and we both hope to start for our own land in a few days," I assured her.

The next morning Fane carried a coil of rope, wrapped up as a parcel, and left it in my box, of course without locking it, and when later we sent for the box with our other implements, the rope had been removed.

Fane and I speculated a good deal that evening concerning the fate of the beautiful and miserable

woman who had implored our aid, wondering whether Cardinal Bendellari would interfere in her behalf, and what use she intended to make of the coil of rope. Fane was quite excited over the affair. He looked so eager and boyish that I ridiculed his foolish fancies. Finally he left me, saying that in his over-wrought mood he could not endure my tiresome common sense, and would take a stroll in order to calm his nerves.

At eleven o'clock he had not returned, and a young Italian lawyer, Bernardo Alloitti, who had happened to drop into my studio, and I started to look for him. We walked through the Ponte Vecchi, and as we came to the Via Condotti, a company of the "Misericordia" passed, bearing a covered litter, in which, no doubt, they were taking some poor soul to the hospital. We raised our hats as the captain of the company advanced. The figure in the ghostly black garments held his taper towards me, and with a look from behind the two pierced holes of the brother's mask, came to me the idea that that was Prince Vittorio. I mentioned this fancy to my companion.

"Very likely," he responded. "He is a devoted member of the fraternity. Ah, yes, he is certainly pious, yet I would rather not find myself in his power."

The weird procession passed slowly on. The moonlight illuminated the ancient marbles, it met the starlight in a silver radiance; the tapers of the receding brethren made patches of yellow in the soft obscurity. The tender light glorified the Campanile, the shadows lay deep in the Bigallo, the inlaid marble of the Duomo looked quite black. However, we found no trace of Lloyd.

The next day there was a flutter of excitement in the little colony of Americans located at Florence. The most popular man among us had disappeared as swiftly and mysteriously as though the earth had engulfed him. What fate had overtaken my joyous, light-hearted comrade? We searched the city; we applied to the authorities; I could not rest day or night; yet we failed to obtain the slightest clew by which we should trace him. Old Anselmo, who had often served us all as a model, had seen the young man about ten o'clock strolling along in the direction of S. Maria Novella, and had watched him turn into a small street leading out of the Via del Giglio. I remembered the prince's cruel face, and trembled. Then I confided my fears to Alloitti.

"Apply at once to Caracci," he advised. "Let him see that your suspicions are aroused. Then, if necessary, we can apply to Cardinal Bendellari. Be cautious; remember we have absolutely no proof."

That very day I presented myself at the Palazzo Caracci. Old Marinacia sat in the courtyard; though the hot rays of the sun fell full upon her, she shivered as though smitten with deadly cold.

"Marinacia," I cried, excitedly, "the signor—the fair-haired signor, of whom you were so fond, has disappeared. He never forgot you, Marinacia; you remember the chocolates, the comfits—he enjoyed your stories and your jokes. He was scarcely more than a lad. If evil has befallen—"

Marinacia rose, sobbing and wringing her withered hands.

"Begone! It's you foreigners with the evil eye that bring trouble upon us. The Holy Virgin and all the saints defend us! What should I know, a poor old woman like me?" and then fled away as though the sight of my face had frightened her out of her senses.

I was conducted to a small but exquisitely furnished apartment. The prince received me with the greatest cordiality, and I had been some moments in the room before I noticed that the princess was also present. She did not acknowledge my salutation, but sat as immovable as a statue, with bent head, and hands crossed on her breast. An inexplicable change had passed over her; something that had withered her brilliant beauty, and driven all the delicate womanliness from her face, leaving the pinched, sharpened features like a bloodless waxen mask, without expression or intelligence.

"The princess has unfortunately been indisposed," Prince Vittorio explained, suavely.

I told my story, and the prince listened with courteous interest.

"Depend upon it, your friend is quite safe. His absence is probably the result of some youthful indiscretion. If I might be permitted to advise, I should say avoid publicity," then turning from the subject to matters of trifling interest, he proposed to show me his art treasures. With his usual charm of manner he pointed out the tazzis, intaglios, cameos and enamels of his small but perfect collection.

Then I sprang to my feet.

"Good God, man! are you made of flesh and blood that you imagine that I could sit here comfortably, talking art jargon, while Fane Lloyd's fate hangs in the balance? I am bound to find him, dead or alive."

The prince laughed a low, wicked laugh. My excited tones seemed to have aroused the princess—she raised her eyes. I shall never forget their expression; it was like that of some hunted animal done to death and standing at bay. Her white lips moved, though no word was heard.

"Oh, princess, if you can—" I implored, eagerly.

The princess regarded her with a smile, an evil, joyless smile. She sank back as though she had received a blow, her arms drooped at her side, all the intelligence died out of her face.

Next morning it was rumored through Florence that Prince Vittorio Caracci was dead. In the early morning his valet had found him lifeless, with an empty chloroform-phial beside him, and also a lady's lace handkerchief. The air was full of rumors. Some said that he had died by his wife's hands; some, that it was a clear case of suicide.

That day I received a summons to call upon

Carinal Bendellari. His Eminence was seated in a huge armchair, and clad in his purple cassock. His little red cap rendered his excessive pallor more ghastly. His voice was sweet; his manners were noble and dignified. A cup of chocolate was on the table beside him, and a book of devotions was open on his knee.

"On your return to your lodgings you will find your lost friend already arrived there. If you would avert the most disastrous consequences—for the connections of the late prince are powerful—you will both leave Florence immediately. I will see that your effects are packed and forwarded to you. For your own sakes, be silent and cautious."

"Your Eminence," I hesitated, "the princess?"

A shade crossed the old prelate's anxious face.

"The Princess Caracci will henceforth be dead to the world. She has announced her determination of entering immediately the Convent of the 'Sepote Vive,' in Rome."

His manner forbade further questioning, but I understood that the Princess Ginevra had been condemned to a living death. I was then dismissed with the blessing of his Eminence.

Fane's story was startling enough. As he was sauntering aimlessly along, he was stunned by a blow on the head. When he recovered consciousness he found himself in one of the great vaults under the disused wing of the Palazzo Caracci. As he regarded the massiveness of the mighty rocks of walls, he realized the utter hopelessness of his position. He could hear the clocks of the city echoing chill against the dome of marble, and the tolling of the bells, deep and sweet-mouthed, but he well knew that no cry of his could ever reach human ears. Fane never cared to talk about those hours of agony during which he had faced a terrible death, for from the first he was persuaded that he was doomed to perish by the long lingering anguish of starvation. He never could quite tell whether it was a dream or reality, but several times he imagined that he had heard a stone removed from the upper wall of his prison, and that through an iron grating the smiling, sneering face of the prince looked down upon him. The last time he heard the stone removed, it was the wild, distracted face of a woman, half hidden by disheveled, golden hair, that regarded him. He fainted, and when he recovered his senses he found himself in his own apartment.

THE YACHT "PRISCILLA."

THE first of the regular trial races between the sloop yachts *Puritan* and *Priscilla*, specially built to defend the *America's* cup against the British cutter *Genceta*, in the coming international race, was sailed on Friday last (the 21st inst.). It was won by the *Puritan*. These races will finally determine which yacht is to be selected to sail as the champion of the New York Yacht Club against the *Genesta*. The previous preliminary races between the *Puritan* and the *Priscilla* have been about even in their results; that of last Friday apparently turned the balance in favor of the Boston yacht. As we go to press, another race is in progress, in which the *Priscilla* may redeem herself. It is a very close match between the two boats, and both may be said to represent the best of American yacht-building and yacht-sailing.

The course over which last Friday's race was sailed was twenty miles to windward from the Scotland Lightship in the Lower Bay, and return. In a fresh southerly breeze and with a rather heavy sea running, the *Puritan* beat the *Priscilla* 9m. 58s., actual time, over the course. After receiving her time allowance her victory would be gained by 11m. 12s. In the beat to windward, she left the *Priscilla* behind by 12m. 37s., but in the run home the *Priscilla* gained 2m. 39s.—a gain which might have been greater but for the delay of the New York sloop in setting her spinnaker.

At the same time there was private match between the cutter *Bedouin* and the sloop *Gracie* for \$250 a side. This was won by the *Bedouin*, she beating the *Gracie* 17m. 7s.

The *Priscilla*, of which we give an illustration, has undergone, since the race for the Golet cup, alterations which have perfected her as a racer, and of course improved her chances in the present contests, as well as in the grand final one should she be selected for that important event.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A NATIONAL FETE IN JAPAN.

We reproduce, from a drawing by a Japanese artist, a spirited picture of one of the numerous *fêtes* which form such an important feature of life in the cities of Japan. This particular demonstration corresponds with what would be in a Christian country a feast in honor of the patron saint of the parish. The Japanese patron is of the benevolent species of genii, and his devotees consider it the proper thing to carouse a little in congratulating themselves upon their protector's high standing in the councils of Buddha. The *cortege*, therefore, is a jovial one; and the people crowd around a great canopied car filled with doll maskers, and surmounted by an effigy. The pantomimes executed by these maskers not only delight the multitude, but are supposed to exert a pacific influence upon the *kitsune*, or fox, which in Japan is a mischievous sprite, who not only robs hen-roosts, but delights in playing tricks upon poor humanity. The Japanese populace, clad in flowing garments enlivened with touches of bright color, and gliding to and fro without friction or ruliness, everybody amiable and joyous, form a most artistic and animated picture.

ANTI-CHOLERA VACCINATION BY DR. FERRAN.

The controversy as to the efficacy of Dr. Ferran's inoculation against cholera is by no means settled; but if it was expected that general vaccination of the poor in the threatened provinces would arrest the ravages of the plague, those expectations have been disappointed. Cholera has already a record of over fifty thousand victims during the present year, and is still adding to this appalling death-roll at the rate of more than 1,000 per day. The poor people, however, cling to any straw of hope, and still come in great numbers to be vaccinated. Our engraving represents Dr. Ferran himself in the act of applying the virus to the arm of a

stalwart peasant of Granada, who has stripped off jacket and shirt, to submit morosely and suspiciously to the operation. We also give an illustration of a mournful scene in Valencia—the peasants at twilight bearing away their dead, in rude country carts, to the place of burial.

A NEW STATUE OF VOLTAIRE.

Voltaire expressed the opinion that by the nineteenth century Christianity would be forgotten. We are now in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and Voltaire's house is a repository of Bibles. But that the philosopher himself is not forgotten, we have abundant evidence. Last month there was erected on the Quai Malakai, Paris, the fine statue of which we give an engraving. It is the work of M. Caille, who has succeeded admirably in the portraiture of the great skeptic's face and figure.

THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB, LONDON.

The corner-stone of the magnificent building designed for the accommodation of the National Liberal Club, London, was laid by Mr. Gladstone in November last, and the structure is at present in process of erection. It will cost about \$600,000. Lord Derby is President of the National Liberal Club Building Company, consisting wholly of members of the Club, who have subscribed the entire capital. The architect is Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, A. R. A. The building is close to the vast and lofty pile of the Hotel Metropole, in Northumberland Avenue, near Charing Cross. The site is bounded on the north and west by Whitehall Place and Whitehall Avenue, on the east it faces the Gardens of the Thames Embankment, while on the south the club-house will join the new buildings of Whitehall Court. The whole structure will be fireproof, beams and columns being both cast and filled with incombustible material. The apartments generally will be characterized rather by their size and cheerfulness than by elaborate detail. The exterior will be entirely of Portland stone, the roof covered with green Westmoreland slates. The style is that of the early Renaissance, the most noticeable external feature being the tower in the northeast angle, which rises to a height of 180 feet; and, though severely plain in the lower stories, increases in richness and intricacy as it detaches itself from the gables which lead up to it on either side.

THE TOMB OF SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

The mortal remains of the illustrious Hebrew philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore, have been interred within the precincts of the grounds surrounding his mansion at Ramsgate, by the sea. The mausoleum, wherein his wife also rests, is a copy of the tomb of Rachel, which to-day is pointed out near the walls of Jerusalem. The Hebrew inscription engraved upon the Montefiore mausoleum is translated as follows:

"Into His hands my spirit I consign,
Whilst wrapt in sleep, that I again may
wake.
And with my soul, my body I resign,
The Lord with me—no fear my soul can
shake."

BORN ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

THERE has just been admitted to the military school at Weilburg, in Germany, a youth with a curious name and a still more curious history. He is called Sedan Bohme. Young Bohme is one of perhaps very few who can claim to have first seen the light on the field of battle. Just after the battle of Sedan, in the Franco-Prussian War, a sutler belonging to the German force gave birth to a child, and it was forthwith christened with the name of this decisive struggle. The Crown Prince acted as sponsor, and a Silesian battalion of chasseurs, now stationed at Gorlitz, took the infant under its especial protection. The "son of the regiment" has continued with his military protectors until quite recently, receiving frequent tokens of the interest taken in him by the Crown Prince and enjoying the marked care and attention of the battalion. It was naturally decided that Sedan Bohme should follow the trade of war, and so he has just begun a course of education in the part of the heavens to which the best published star-maps assign but five.

Or the 413 arborescent species detected in the forests of North America, only ten cross the continent. Three of these, the mesquite, an elder (*Sambucus Mexicana*) and the Spanish bayonet (*Yucca baccata*) belong to the Mexican flora, and so, indeed, does fourth, the sand-bar willow, which, however, extends further northward into the Atlantic region and Pacific region of the United States. Three others, the balsam poplar, the canoe birch and the white spruce belong to the Northern forests, and are found along our Northern boundary and from Labrador to Alaska. The remaining three are: (1.) The quaking asp, our most widely distributed tree, which stretches across the continent to the north and as far south as Kentucky. (2.) The red cedar, our most widely distributed conifer, which ranges from New Brunswick and Minnesota, on the north, to Florida and Texas, and westward to the 100th parallel, while on the Pacific it extends from Colorado to Vancouver; and (3) the mountain ash, from Labrador and Northern New England to Lake Superior, and on the high ranges from Alaska to New Mexico.

caused by the passage of his hand over her person, and in five minutes she arose perfectly cured. A confirmed lunatic was brought before him: in two days he returned to his home perfectly cured. The sheik maintains his intercourse with spiritual agents to be real and effective."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

An exhibition of machinery and appliances used in mining operations is to be held in Glasgow, Scotland, during September next.

A BALLOON railroad is to be constructed in the Austrian Tyrol. The balloon will have grooved wheels on its car, and these will run on nearly perpendicular rails, the gas providing the lifting power. Gravitation will be utilized on the down trips.

GRANULATED cork is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and is on this account a very desirable material in the construction of refrigerator-cars. It is also used in the floors of passenger-cars as a "deadener" of the noise of the running-gear. It is made by running the scraps of a cork factory through a mill, which reduces them to a coarse powder.

MR. W. P. ADAMS has suggested that probably the best method of finding the real efficiency of incandescent or electric glow lamps would be to run all the lamps at the same electric efficiency, say three watts per candle, and ascertain how many hours they would last; then, those lamps which would last over the 1,000 hours could be run at less than three watts per candle.

THE poisonous properties of stockings dyed with the brilliant aniline dyes, it is said, may be rendered harmless by dipping the articles in a bath of rubber dissolved in naphtha or some other reagent. This having been done, subsequent evaporation has the effect to cover each fibre with a thin film of rubber, and by this means the transfer of the coloring material from the goods to the skin is prevented.

THE extraordinary power of naphthal as an antiseptic and disinfecting agent has been known for a long time, but its disagreeable smell and the difficulty of preparing it in a purified state, with the occasional toxic action of the crude naphthal, have been a bar to its use as a remedial and antiseptic agent. Justus Wolff, a chemist interested in coal-tar products, has recently succeeded in producing it in a pure and odorless state in well-defined crystals, and claims its antiseptical action is much greater than that of carbolic acid.

M. GASTON TROUVE is said to have constructed a portable electric glow lamp, intended for use where there is an explosive atmosphere. This lamp is intended to be of service in mines, cellulose factories, flour mills, spinning mills, etc. It is automatic in action, and it is stated to be very simple in construction. There are two varieties of the lamp made—one of which will only light itself when taken up in the hand; the other, when it is hung up or put down. The current is produced by a battery contained in the lamp.

M. ADMIRAL MOUCHEZ has taken, at the Paris Observatory, distinguishable photographs of stars of the fourteenth magnitude. On a plate about nine inches square he has photographed a field of about five degrees square, on which are shown 2,790 stars of between the fifth and fourteenth magnitudes, equally clear on the edges and the centre of the picture. Stars of the fifteenth magnitude can be discerned in the negatives, but they were not clear enough to be transferred to the paper. It is estimated that, if the stars are distributed over the whole sky as thickly as over these five degrees, then the total number of them is 20,500,000. The plan of making charts of the stars by photographic means is rapidly gaining favor among astronomers. A photograph exhibited the other day to the Royal Dublin Society showed seventeen stars in a part of the heavens to which the best published star-maps assign but five.

Or the 413 arborescent species detected in the forests of North America, only ten cross the continent. Three of these, the mesquite, an elder (*Sambucus Mexicana*) and the Spanish bayonet (*Yucca baccata*) belong to the Mexican flora, and so, indeed, does fourth, the sand-bar willow, which, however, extends further northward into the Atlantic region and Pacific region of the United States. Three others, the balsam poplar, the canoe birch and the white spruce belong to the Northern forests, and are found along our Northern boundary and from Labrador to Alaska. The remaining three are: (1.) The quaking asp, our most widely distributed tree, which stretches across the continent to the north and as far south as Kentucky. (2.) The red cedar, our most widely distributed conifer, which ranges from New Brunswick and Minnesota, on the north, to Florida and Texas, and westward to the 100th parallel, while on the Pacific it extends from Colorado to Vancouver; and (3) the mountain ash, from Labrador and Northern New England to Lake Superior, and on the high ranges from Alaska to New Mexico.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 14TH.—In New York, Charles D. Bailey, an old retail grocer, aged 67 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Isaac Revere, a cousin of Paul Revere, and a veteran of the War of 1812, aged 90 years; in Asbury Park, N. J., Dr. Harvey A. Ingham, of Vergennes, Vt., aged 66 years, *August 16th*—At Dirville Notch, N. H., ex-Governor Julian Converse of Vermont, aged 86 years; in New York, Captain Peter C. Schultz, a prominent steamboat man, aged 80 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., James J. Barclay, the oldest lawyer at the Bar in that city, aged 91 years, *August 17th*—In New York, C. Colden Murray, Secretary of the New York Hospital Association, etc., aged 64 years, *August 18th*—In Albany, N. Y., Edgar K. Apgar, Deputy State Treasurer, aged 43 years; in Newport, R. I., Daniel Leroy, of New York, aged 88 years; in Canada, Sir Francis Hincks, the Canadian statesman, aged 78 years; in London, England, William John Thoms, the well-known antiquarian, aged 82 years. *August 19th*—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Charles H. Baldwin, politician and business man, aged 40 years. *August 20th*—In Pittsburgh, Pa., the Hon. D. J. Morrell, prominent iron and steel manufacturer, aged 64 years; in Newark, N. J., Dr. W. B. Grover, a well-known physician, aged 67 years. At sea, Pascal Duprat, the distinguished French professor, author and journalist, aged 70 years; in South Manchester, Conn., John Cheney, one of the founders of the silk industry in Manchester, aged 84 years; in Nashua, N. H., David Gillis, identified with the early history of cotton mills in New England, aged 78 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

DISASTROUS floods have ruined the crops and caused great distress in China and Japan.

YELLOW FEVER prevails in many districts in Mexico, especially in Vera Cruz, where it has become epidemic.

POUNDMAKER, one of the Northwestern Indian Chiefs associated with Riel, has been sentenced at Winnipeg to three years' imprisonment.

THE statement that fifty per cent. of the European employés in the Congo region have died is confirmed by a member of the International Congo Commission.

The *Pall Mall Gazette's* recent revelations of London vice have been dramatized at Vienna. The play is in five acts, and is entitled, "Protect Our Daughters."

UP to last week the total number of deaths from cholera in Spain had reached 57,219; and it is thought that a complete report would have raised the number seven or eight thousand more.

THE Emperor William celebrated the anniversary of the birthday of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, on the 18th instant, by unveiling at Potsdam a statue of the father of Frederick the Great.

A CONGRESS for Codifying and Reforming International Law assembled at Hamburg last week. Among other things, it has decided that ship-owners shall be answerable for the negligence of crews, but not for mishaps.

THE smallpox is ravaging Montreal. All the theatres have been closed. Employers of labor have ordered all their employés to be vaccinated under pain of dismissal. Disinfectants are to be used in the watering of streets.

A NEWPORT correspondent writes: "The interest in yachts and yachting was never so great. I know for a certainty that the running expenses of a yacht frequently here, and owned by a New York gentleman, are \$50,000 a year."

DIVERS have brought to the surface from the wreck of the steamship *Atlantic*, which was lost near Mart's Rock, Nova Scotia, in 1873, a bar of iron with seventy sovereigns attached, which must have been affixed by some chemical action.

ACCORDING to a Tennessee statistician there are in that State 300,000 worthless dogs, which consume every year food enough to make 30,000,000 pounds of bacon and feed 100,000 able-bodied men, to say nothing of preventing the farmers from keeping 2,000,000 sheep.

THE Wisconsin State Legislature has appropriated \$5,000 to the State University to be used in holding "farmers' institutes" in various places for the instruction of the people in agriculture during the months of November, December, January, February, March and April.

LETTERS from Tien-Tsin say that the Treaty of Tien-Tsin is a dead letter so far as the evacuation of the country by the Chinese is concerned. The troops have refused to return to China or to disarm, and are forming a strong army of irregulars and preparing to attack the French.

THE present "season" at the Thousand Islands has not been altogether successful, but the hotels are now filling up, and all the steamers on the St. Lawrence are doing a thriving business. There is no resort in the country whose general attractions are superior to those which attach to this bit of fairyland.

THE Secretary of War has instructed General Miles to hold troops in readiness to enforce the President's recent proclamation in relation to cattlemen on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Reservations. By the terms of the proclamation the cattlemen will be compelled to remove their herds by September 4th.

THE National Executive Committee of the Knights of Labor last week issued a proclamation, directing all members of the Order employed on railroads west of the Mississippi to quit work. The Order is strong in numbers, and should they obey the ukase issued, serious derangement to the Wabash Railway system would follow.

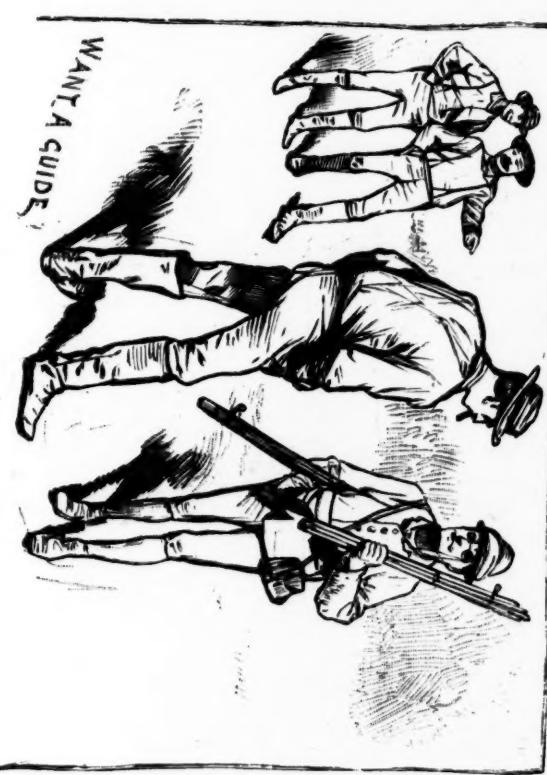
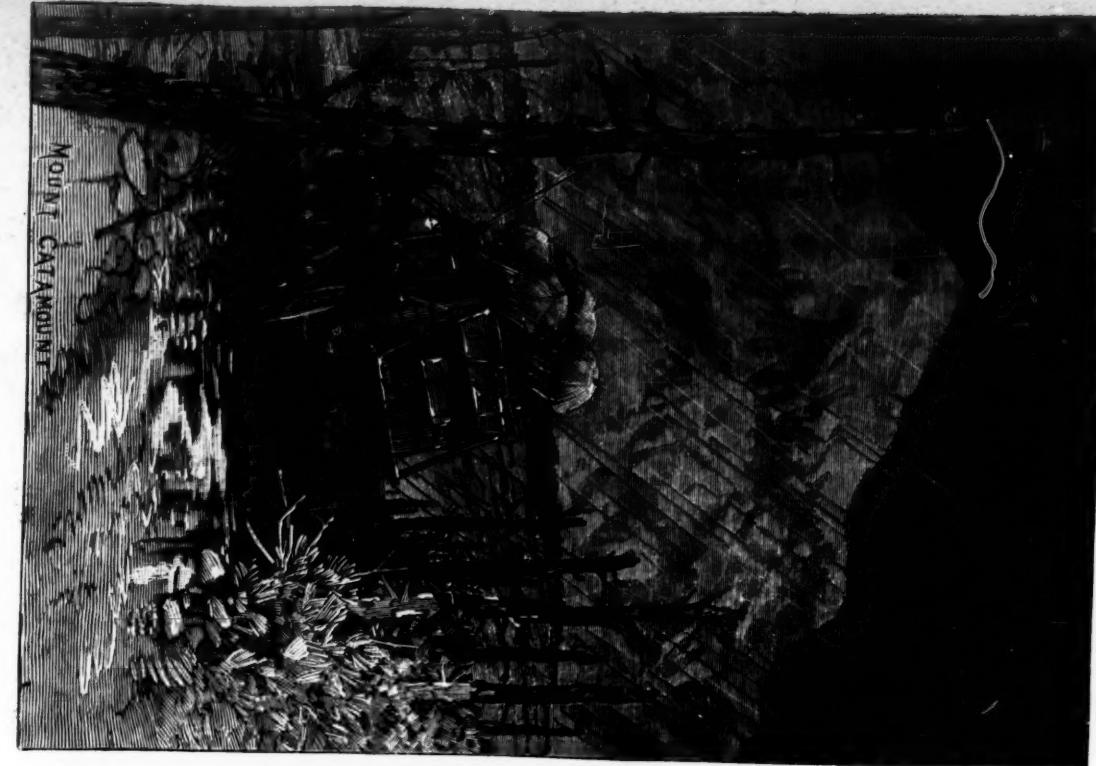
THE Slav party in Russia is urging the Czar to form a great Slavonic alliance for the purpose of regaining supremacy in the East, and establishing a great Russian Empire of Central Asia. The Slavs also advocate entering into negotiations with Austria, in the hope of securing an amelioration of the condition of the Slavs in that empire.

IT is reported that the Grand Army of the Republic will ignore New York city as the burial-place of General Grant, and will raise a fund for the erection of a monument to his memory in Washington. General S. S. Burdett, the present head of the organization, said, when declaring this intention: "I don't think that the day is far distant when General Grant's remains will be placed in Washington."

ONE curious revelation of the last census was the growth of the female population of the large cities. It was shown that New York contains about 25,000 more women than men; Boston has a surplus of 18,000 women; in Baltimore there are 17,000 more women than men; and so on in several others of the large Eastern cities. Fifty years ago it was the men who came to the cities to pursue their careers, while the women staid at home; but more recently, women, both in this country and in Europe, have been crowding to the business centres.

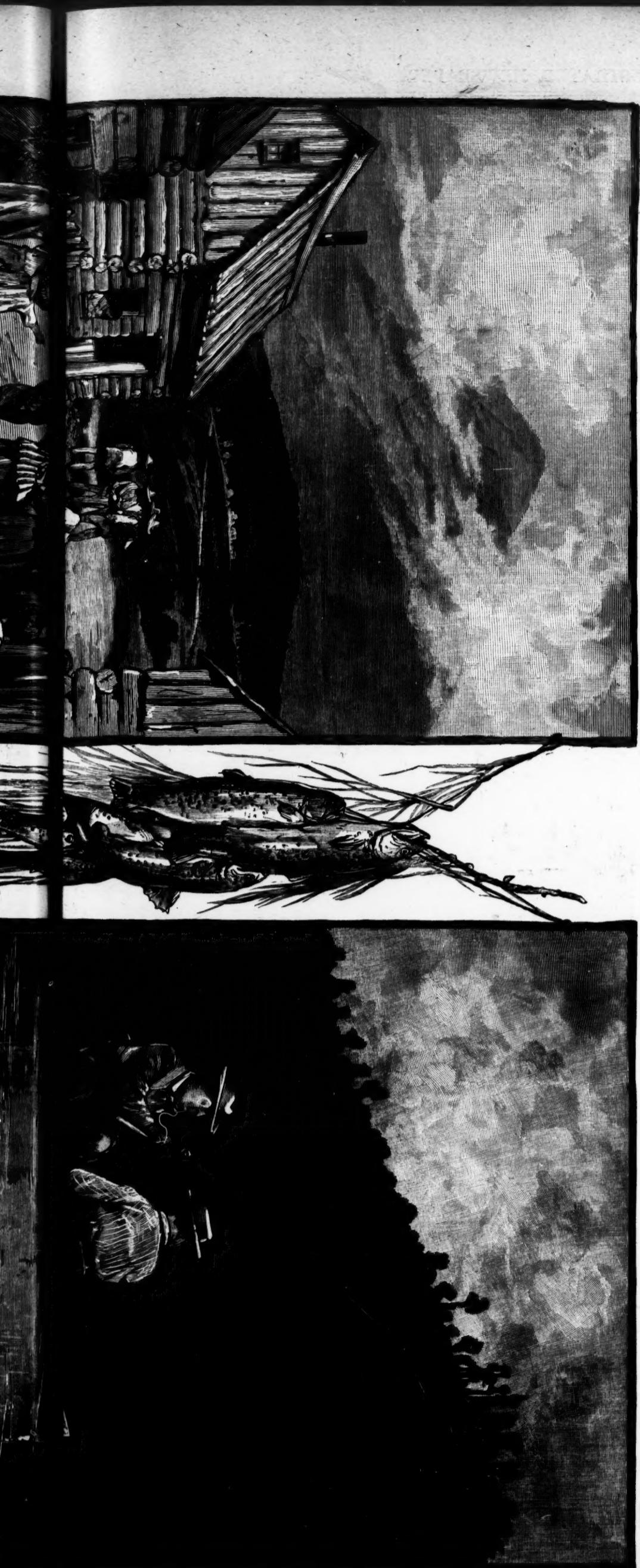
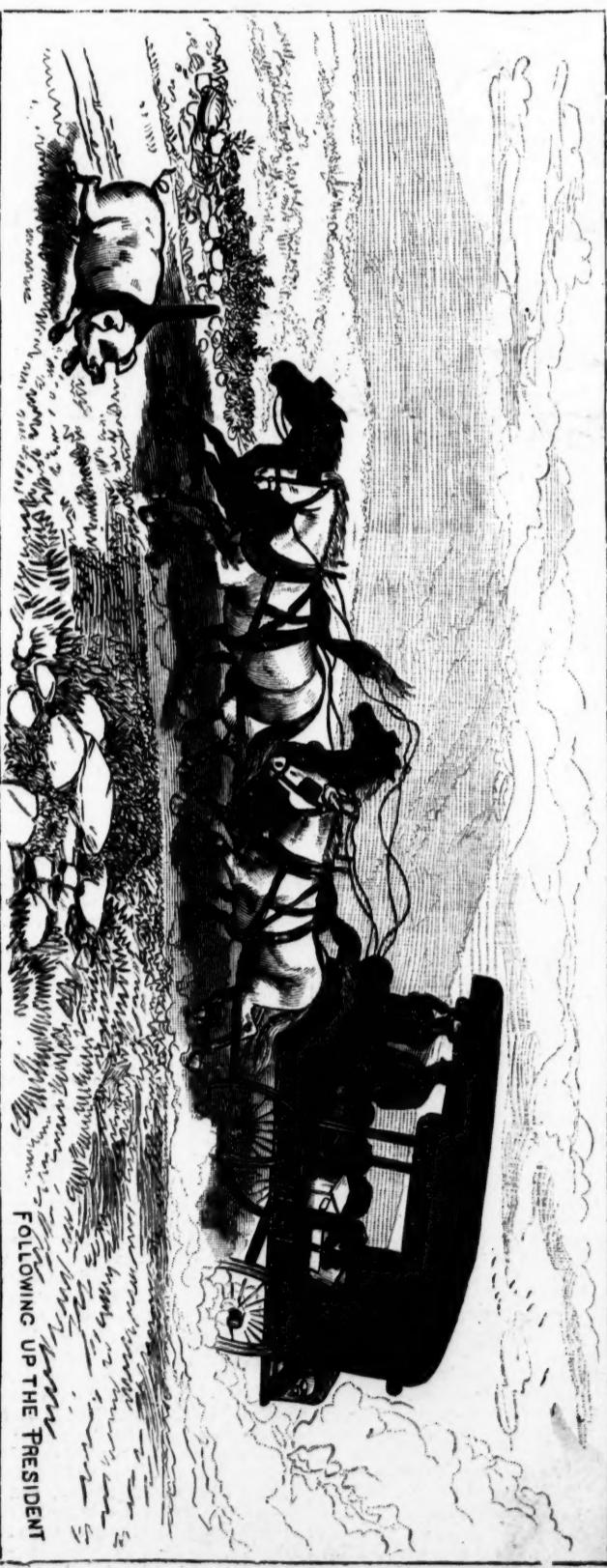
THE band of the Apache Chief Geronimo is dwindling away. There were only thirty-four male Indians in the band when it left the San Carlos Reservation, and of these ten or twelve had been killed up to the 7th instant, when Lieutenant Day struck the marauders' camp and killed three bucks, a squaw, and Geronimo's son, aged thirteen years. The troops also captured fifteen women and children, among them being three of Geronimo's wives and five of his children. Geronimo was wounded, but managed to escape with two bucks and one squaw.

VESSELS plying between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the ports of our northeastern seaboard are now compelled, of course, to go around the Peninsula of Nova Scotia. About three hundred miles would be saved if they could use a canal across the narrow neck that connects that peninsula with the mainland of New Brunswick. It was once proposed that a canal should be made there, but now a ship-railway is to be built on the line of the proposed waterway. Work has already been begun upon this railway, and it will be carried on by an English company, whose chief engineer is John Fowler, who built the London Underground Railroad.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF HIS VACATION.

From Sketches by Staff Artists.—See Page 26.



AT FORTY-EIGHT.

AT twilight, *vis-à-vis* with fate,
She sat, unhappy and alone.
Her milestones numbered forty-eight,
No other pathway crossed her own.

No tender voice robed age of gloom,
No smiling faces cheered her sight—
There only gilded through the room
The phantom of a dead delight.

"How dim and drear the pathway seems,"
She said, "to me at forty-eight;
Long since I wakened from my dreams—
I seek for naught, for nothing wait.

"I am like one who blindly gropes
Towards fading sunsets in the west;
Behind me lie youth's shattered hopes,
What can I ask for now but rest?

"Some joys I sought with heart on fire
Would find me now, but all too late—I
watched ambition's funeral pyre
Burn down ere I was forty-eight.

"With naught to hope, expect or win,
This lonely lot remains to me,
To count the wrecks of what 'Has been'
And know that nothing more can be."

Too sad to weep, too tired to pray,
Alone she sat at forty-eight,
While sunset colors paled to gray—
How desolate, how desolate!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Princess Ermenzarde;
OR,
The Beguin's Bracelet.

BY M. T. CALDOR

CHAPTER XV.

PHILIP found Madame De Leivénéz at home in the suite of rooms she had hired for the rest of the Summer, she having taken the whim for being in quarters of her own, instead of a guest at the great house, which was thronged with company.

Though for the world she would not have acknowledged it to him, yet the lady's heavy eyes and restless movements showed Philip that she was still suffering from the mysterious illness of which she complained in London.

She was looking even more brilliant than before, but there was a waxy pallor of the transparent skin, and a hectic brightness of the flushed cheeks, that suggested some serious ailment. The great blue eyes, too, though so dangerously bright, had heavy shadows under them, and were now and then caught by a nervous twitching.

"How is the arm?" he asked her, when this conviction of her impaired health forced itself upon him.

She shrugged her shoulders, and then pushed back the wide band of violet velvet that was buckled around the wrist with an amethyst-and-gold ornament, which had come from some dead-and-gone Persian woman's pilfered casket.

"Healing very slowly, but still healing," she answered, pettishly. "The doctor is an imposition. He scolds me and he doses me with medicine, but he keeps me under his rule. You see the only bracelet he allows, and he calls that a great concession. He has positively forbidden any heavy ones, and my beloved Begum's are condemned irretrievably, I fear."

"Do you feel any pain except in the arm?" asked Philip.

Again the expressive shoulders gave their graceful shrug.

"Dear, dear! who can tell? I am not like myself—that is all I know. I who have always boasted of my superb health. I am weak, I am languid, I am hot, I am cold, I am heavy, indolent, stupid. All that is quite unlike myself. It is all that doctor. I have said I would give him a few weeks' longer sway, and then dismiss him! Oh, no, I am not ill, only out of sorts because of this medicine. Bah! let us talk of something more enlivening. Tell me about Her Frigid Majesty the Ice Princess—Ermenzarde. Is she gay and light as ever?"

"Miss Poindexter is about as usual. Major Steele came yesterday to renew his proposal of marriage to her."

Madame burst into a loud laugh.

"That ridiculous idiot! so he keeps his word. And what did the fair ladye say to the unfortunate suitor? Would I could have witnessed the scene!"

"She repulsed him with such scorn, that, had I been he, I would have taken half the number of Noes for an everlasting signal of rejection."

Madame lifted her eyebrows, and pursed up her lips.

"With scorn—did she? Ah, well, it may be the major's turn yet. If he knew—" She stopped short, with evil light in her eyes, and laughed again.

"If he knew what?" questioned Philip, in as careless tone as he could assume. "Do you mean he could in any way help himself?—I mean, of course, until she dies."

"He—the poor, foolish driveler—he tries to play the tyrant and the wheeler both—with me! He surmised something—but he is wide of the mark. And he is trying to cajole me into betraying it to him."

"And you could?" asked Philip, again making heroic effort to hide his eagerness. "You don't mean that it is in your power to betray anything?"

"Do I not? Perhaps I do not!" exclaimed she, in a tantalizing voice. "But, if I could of course you know I would not, I am so fond of them both, especially of my amiable cousin Ermenzarde."

"But, certainly there is no help for Major

Steele until Miss Poindexter's death. I would not give him a sovereign for his heirship of Cedarswold," observed Philip, lightly.

Madame De Leivénéz tossed her head.

"My dear Philip, you are young yet. There are more things than are dreamt of in your philosophy, in truth. You have great faith in your patroness. How I could make you open those frank eyes of yours, by a little story I could tell! But I am not ready yet, neither for the major nor for you. I take my own time. The occasion is not yet ripe. But upon this you may count: I shall make my little sensation when I do choose."

"May I be there to see?" hummed Philip, lightly.

"You may be more vitally interested than you think. You meet Sir Robert Benthorpe now quite frequently, I believe. What do you think of him?"

"He seems a noble and trusty gentleman," replied Philip, quietly.

"Worthy, think you, of the new delights which rumor is promising to him?"

"I do not catch your meaning."

"Have you not heard that he is deeply enamored of this young woman who appears so oddly in the rôle of his ward?"

"Miss Darke! No, I had not heard it. I confess he appears to be very fond of her."

"Those who should know tell me that he is completely bewitched."

"And is she equally enamored?" asked Philip, desperately controlling look and voice from betraying what he felt.

"She has evidently made a hero of him. Oh, yes, undoubtedly she is flattered quite out of her silly little heart. Wasn't she a favorite with Miss Poindexter? How will the princess like this match, if it is made up, as it seems likely, with everybody's blessing on it?"

"She probably is quite ignorant of the world's prophecy."

"Tell her of the good fortune of her protégé. She needs a little comforting and cheering, after Major Steele's visit."

And madame laughed softly, and rubbed gently together those slim white hands of hers.

"By-the-way, Philip, I am coming to call on you at Cedarswold. I am quite curious to see the old rooms again. May I come when I see her carriage driving out, and you not beside her?"

"Why—certainly," he answered.

"Why—certainly," she mimicked, with a mock solemnity of voice. "At the first you thought, 'What will Miss Poindexter say? how she will pine!' Then you added, sensibly, 'But it is Madame De Leivénéz who wishes to come. Let Miss Poindexter rave, if she will!'

And she smiled into his face with saucy, mocking levity.

Philip was glad to hide his embarrassment for words to answer this by a careless laugh.

"You should set up for a mind-reader or a fortune-teller, Madame De Leivénéz. By-the-way, did you see that strange Zarah at the Fair? If she had not been so tall, I might have suspected that—"

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"Indeed I saw her. She made me desperately angry, too—the impudent baggage! Well, so I may see the old rooms again? How familiar, and yet how strange, they will look! I shall come, the very first time I catch the princess riding without you. And I hope you will receive me in the library. It is a grand old room! I was very proud of it once, when I thought it might possibly be my own eventually. But Uncle Ralph was easily set against me, and we went further and further apart.

I was naturally a spendthrift, and he was a born miser. I was continually in debt, running over the poor pittance he gave me for my allowance, and making all sort of shift to manage to cheat his sharp eyes."

She stopped to laugh bitterly and contemptuously over the memories her own efforts evoked.

"What a poor little fool I was then! And how I trembled before that man's pitiless anger! And how he made me hate the peerless Ermenzarde by lauding her perfections to me, over and over again, while remorselessly holding up to me my own shortcomings! What a weak, despicable, worthless thing he made me out! Always he would hold up to me such a horribly humiliating presentiment of myself, that I shrank, and writhed, and nearly swooned in my own self-conviction of being a poor worm, crawling helplessly on the ground, while my peerless cousin soared aloft, singing melodiously like a lark bathed in the beauty and sunshine of the sky!"

Madame De Leivénéz's blue eyes had a film of hazy languor over them, and they were fixed away—far away on some scene of the long ago distant past, but one that had stamped such vivid impressions, that it was more real than most of her present experience. Philip felt that she had half-forgotten his presence, and was scarcely aware that he was listening. The eyes were set, but what a vivid life played around those thin, scarlet lips! How they curled in scorn! How they drew off from the white teeth with a malignant curve that made him feel that the snarl of a rabid dog or an infuriated wild beast must needs accompany it! Then they straightened grimly, and never did the imperial mouth of Augustus show more relentless, inexorable determination and cruel power than hers.

Her tone of voice was low and deeper than he had ever heard it. She spoke swiftly, sometimes hissing the syllables fiercely, and again biting them off in supreme contempt, as if she would scarcely condescend to give them breath enough for voice.

Philip watched her breathlessly, filled with a conscious horror, and yet fascinated and absorbed.

"To go back to Cedarswold and the old library will bring back to me a very vivid past. I shall wonder where is the tall, thin figure of that sharp-

visaged old man, who delighted to mock me with my wayward, sinful nature? I shall stare around for those gleaming black eyes that could look me through and seize upon the feeblest evasion in my inmost soul! Oh, if I could but have spoken my mind freely to him once—only once! How triumphant I should be now!"

She drew a long, fierce breath, and stood with hands locked rigidly over her heaving breast, with those staring, ice-filmed eyes, and the sinuous red lips curled with a malignant smile, so suggestive of a terrible Nemesis that Philip Laing instinctively shrank a little further away.

"Oh, for the assurance that the dead see and know what is done here in the places that have known them!" she cried out, sharply. "Should I not have sweet retribution, worthy revenge! Ralph Poindexter, you would know by this time that your boasted judgment was at fault. The worm no longer crawls. It has found its wings and brilliancy—but not—no, not without having claimed the worm's prerogative—to turn and sting!"

She spoke the last words in such a tone of deadly hatred that, despite his effort to the contrary, the listener shuddered visibly.

Had the movement caught her attention, or was the vehemence of such fierce emotion exhausting? She clasped both hands over her face, and dropped back into the cushions of her chair with her own light, musical, but meaningless, laugh.

The next moment the gem-decked fingers made light passes across her forehead, her eyes, and filleted rebukingly the crimson lips that had relaxed into their ordinary childish pout.

"To think of Ralph Poindexter is to give myself an inhalation, not of laughing-gas, but of something of a similar nature tinctured with gall instead of laughter," she said, apologetically. "Let me shake off the uncanny spell."

And she rose up, and with playful grace shook out fiercely the airy flounces of her dress, and then seizing a flacon of perfumery, she poured a lavish libation into the palm of each hand, and flung it about her.

"There!" she declared, merrily; "the evil spirit is exorcised, I think. Poor Philip! did I horrify you?"

"You are capable of playing in a tragedy, Madame De Leivénéz. What facile power your face possesses!" was his reply.

"Because to summon up the ghost of Ralph Poindexter is to put tragic impulses into my heart.

He sneered at me full often for the passionate nature I inherited from my Italian father, and the vagabond instincts he declared had wiped every trace of English blood. But I should have told him one thing—I was English enough to feel the bulldog's power of holding fast to any purpose I really held in grip. But come, let us talk of pleasanter things. It is positively settled that you are to be Miss Poindexter's private secretary, or business manager—or, what do you choose to call it?"

"It goes without saying, I suspect," returned Philip. "Yes, I have tried the work, and it interests me, and I can do good service I am convinced."

"And the attachéship is put out of the question. I am quite sure the duke would secure it for you."

"Thanks; but I think it is out of the question. Certainly for the present."

"I would not be too precipitate in my refusal of good offers, my dear Philip. It is not as if you stood on solid rock, you know, at Cedarswold. A word, a blow, may knock out the rotten plank beneath your feet. And then where are you?"

"I do not comprehend," said Philip, dubiously.

"Supposing something comes to uphold Major Steele—supposing Miss Poindexter is no longer mistress at Cedarswold."

"Ah, her death, you mean! That, to be sure, is a contingency. But she is in the prime of life. Of course, I understand that Major Steele would never confirm my position. My present salary is generous, and I shall be prudent. I hope not to be at the mercy of an accident again, but to have trained myself to usefulness."

"You are determined to remain with her, I see," was Madame's pettish rejoinder. "But I have warned you. Death's not the only hand that can knock away the shores from under her triumphant bridge of successful building. I have warned you. But how we get back continually to that subject. Tell me how you enjoy the society here. I am told that you are looked upon as Miss Poindexter's chosen friend, rather than her employee. That she introduces you with an *empressement* that is indisputable."

"She is very kind."

"And so overflowing with goodness and happiness! Oh, yes, I understand!" mocked madame's jesting voice. "Shall you go to Lady B—'s dinner?"

But here, much to Philip's satisfaction, they were interrupted by a visitor's card.

Madame De Leivénéz glanced at it, but did not say to Philip that it was Major Steele's.

She took a pencil and wrote upon it simply:

"I am not in the mood to be coaxed or threatened either. I will not see you to-day. Wait!"

And putting the card into an envelope, she sent it down again.

She sat a moment after this was done, leaning her head upon the uninjured arm in deep thought.

"You are tired," Philip made haste to say. "I must take my leave at once, or you will have no strength left for other visitors."

"But you will come again. And I shall appear at Cedarswold soon. But I will spare you any unpleasantness. I will see the Ice Princess safely away before I venture into the haunted spot."

Philip went home with the full account of his visit. He made no comments, but told it as briefly as he could.

Miss Poindexter listened gravely.

"I will take care to ride without you every day,"

she said. "She shall not need to defer her visit on that account. Oh, Philip, watch every look and movement of hers while she is in this house."

"Do you understand her insinuations?" he asked. "Of course it was idle braggadocio—that talk about knocking away the shores from under your bridge of safety."

Ermenzarde Poindexter smiled sorrowfully.

"I understand her meaning perfectly. I know full well the malignant joy with which she would give her own hand to such a blow. But why does she not do it? You bring me this hope, Philip—that the paper is in existence still. She dares not move till it is in her hands. Now, at last, I am positive that it is not destroyed—nor in her possession. Oh, for her to come speedily! I will go out to-morrow. Philip, I trust you to watch well and closely every look and gesture of that visitor."

She smiled softly a moment after, and chirruped to the dog who was almost always lying on the bearskin in the room.

"Leo, good Leo!" she said.

And he came, and laid his damp nose affectionately on her soft white palm without a fear of reproof.

"Leo, my faithful comrade, my leal subject—you never fail me," she said, almost in a tone of voice that was giving understood commands.

The soft brown eyes looked into hers lovingly, and with the dumb trustfulness that is so pathetic to hearts that have been tried and worn by human treachery.

Leo wagged his tail energetically for a moment, then laid down at her feet, so close that his nose rested on the tip of her blue satin slipper.

"Well, I will go out to-morrow. Let us hope she will come then, that our suspense will so speedily ended."

But the morrow came and went, and no Madame De Leivénéz appeared.

The next, and the next, passed equally without any event of importance.

And when Philip perceived how worn and spent Miss Poindexter appeared as the evenings dragged on without her being able to take her accustomed quiet share of the cheerful conversation, he resolved to precipitate matters, if possible, and sent a little note, stating that Miss Poindexter would spend the day away from Cedarswold, on such a date.

It brought a

clouds, which clung to their wooded summits like fleece.

Like to these vanishing clouds of mist, so vanished many of the artist's pet superstitions concerning the Adirondacks. For instance, he had loaded himself down with wraps, having heard much of the crisp, bracing air of the region. Well, at ten o'clock in the forenoon the thermometer stood at 86° in the shade; by eleven it had crept up to 90°; and before the day was over it came so near 100° that "there was no fun in it." And then, the wild animals—the deer, bear, elk, catamount, et cetera—where were they? From tales told in the city, the artist had innocently imagined that these untamed creatures of the forest were to be met with in droves in every glade, filling the mountains with their peculiar cries. As a matter of fact, the only wild animal seen during the whole journey was a curious one-horned beast, which, upon nearer approach, proved to be a pig in a poke!

At every log-cabin hamlet along the road the entire population turned out to meet the stage. The warm personal interest which these people manifested in the artist was surprising. At each place, he would be surrounded by twenty or thirty bold mountaineers, every one eager to become his guide, philosopher and friend. Everywhere he was followed and stared at in a manner which seemed to him unaccountable. Finally it transpired that Jake Cone, who had been secretly disappointed at not securing the President himself for a passenger, had been passing off our artist upon the confiding villagers as the Secretary of State.

Further and further into the mountains wound the picturesque road. "Now for genuine backwoods scenes and types of character," said the artist to himself. In a romantic wood appeared a luxurious tent, with a carpeted floor, mirrors, feather-beds, and other appurtenances of an effete civilization. Near this tent sat a languid swell, in knickerbockers and patent-leather shoes, sipping iced wine from a crystal goblet, precisely as if he had been at Delmonico's or on the roof of the Casino. He was a type of the Summer backwoodsman of the Adirondacks.

The novice in this region is known by his elaborate sporting outfit and his five or six Saratoga trunks. Some of these amateur mountaineers actually wear dead-leaf-colored suits of clothes, in order, as they allege, that they may get closer to the deer when stalking. It is needless to say that these sportsmen do not play great havoc amongst the game. The experienced camper-out brings little more than a gripsack.

The stage-ride lasted all day, and covered forty-six miles. The President was not overtaken on the road; but at sundown, by the sylvan shores of Prospect Lake, he was discovered taking his ease at his inn. Here, in one of the inmost valleys of the Adirondacks, appears, as if by enchantment, a fully-equipped and fashionable Summer hotel, quite Saratoga-like with its gay parlors and verandas thronged with promenaders in the correct toilets of town. Only the supper menu, on which jerked beef, beefsteak, hot biscuits and huckleberries figured most prominently, suggested the mountains. Evidently there is more than one way of "camping-out in the Adirondacks," and the President has chosen the most comfortable for his short period of rest and recreation. Without undue intrusion upon this pleasant temporary retirement from the public gaze, our artist has faithfully pictured the novel sights and adventures of his enterprising journey.

ICE-CREAM FOR THE POOR.

ICE-CREAM may be considered as belonging to that class of comestibles known to *restaurateurs* and landlords as "the delicacies of the season." Nevertheless, whether by science, enterprise, or philanthropy, it certainly is now placed within the reach of the needy as well as of those who are reared in the lap of luxury. Any Summer's day, the Italian vendor, equipped with a hand-cart and a battered tin freezer, may be seen about Five Points, or in the vicinity of the several down-town district schools, supplying barefooted youngsters with cold comfort at a cent a head. For this sum, he will give, on a bit of brown paper, a small dab of ice-cream, or its mysterious and sticky relative called "hokey-pokey"; and he finds plenty of cash customers. While ice-cream is sold at such popular prices, even the poorest family need not be without cramps and dyspepsia.

A PARSON'S EXPERIENCE OF WEDDINGS.

GENERALLY speaking, marriages pass off very smoothly, and frequently with very pretty effects. The brides are credited with a careful study and perusal of the service for many days beforehand. Sometimes there has been a rehearsal. I have known brides, when the grooms have failed to make the proper responses, prompt them immediately and with the greatest facility. The most common mistake of the bride is to take off only one of her gloves, whereas both hands are brought into requisition in the service. As for the men, they commit all kinds of blunders and bunglings. I have known a man, at that very nervous and trying moment, follow a clergyman within the communion-rails, and prepare to take a place opposite him. I have known a man, when a minister stretched out his hand to unite those of the couple, take it vigorously in his own and give it a hearty shake. Sometimes more serious difficulties occur. Some ladies have had an almost unconquerable reluctance to use the word "obey"; one or two, if their own statements are to be accepted, have ingeniously constructed the word "nobey." The word, however, has still to be formally admitted into the language. There was one girl, who was being married by a very kindly old clergyman, who absolutely refused to utter the word "obey." The minister suggested that if she were unwilling to utter the word aloud, she should whisper it to him; but the young lady refused to accept even this kind of compromise. Further, however, than this the clergyman refused to accommodate her; but when he was forced to dismiss them all without proceeding any further, the recalcitrant young person consented to "obey."

The difficulty, however, is not always made on the side of the lady. On one occasion the bridegroom wished to deliver a little oration qualifying his vow and describing in what sense and to what extent he was using the words of the formula. He was, of course, given to understand that nothing of this kind could be permitted. There was one man who accompanied the formula with *sotto voce* remarks, which must have been exceedingly disagreeable to the officiating minister. He interpolated remarks after the fashion of Burchell's "Fudge!" "With this ring I thee wed; that's superstition." "With my body I thee worship; that's idolatry."

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow; that's a lie." It is a wonder that such a being was not conducted out of the church by the beadle. This puts one in mind of an anecdote that is told of a man who was in his time a cabinet minister. There was a great discussion on the question whether a man can marry on three hundred a year. "All I can say," said the great man, "is that when I said, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' so far from having three hundred pounds, I question whether, when all my debts were paid, I had three hundred pence." "Yes, my love," said his wife; "but then you had your splendid intellect." "I didn't endow you with that, ma'am," sharply retorted the right honorable husband.

BASEBALL'S DEGENERACY.

The baseball clubs of the country are making a mistake by their adherence to the present pitching rule. Since the practice of throwing was adopted the game has lost its chief interest, for batting is now wellnigh out of the question. If the aim is to secure a method of delivery which will render it absolutely impossible for the striker to hit a ball, and occasionally kill one, an ordinary field-piece might be put in the pitcher's hand for the purpose of discharging the ball according to the rules of warfare. Under the present arrangement the best of clubs when pitted against each other secure their victories by errors arising from the tremendous strain that is put upon the pitcher and catcher. This may be enjoyable to the players, but it certainly is not to the spectators. A game won on passed balls, wild pitches or called balls is a poor game, and that is what most of the League games are now.

THE DISCOVERER OF CALIFORNIA GOLD.

JAMES WILSON MARSHALL, who first made known to the world the existence of the mineral treasure of California, died last week at his home in Kelsey, in that State. He was born in Hope township, Warren County, N. J., in 1812. After receiving a plain education he learned the trade of wagon-building. When about twenty-one years old he went West, spending some time in Indiana and Illinois, and subsequently settling on a farm near Fort Leavenworth, Kan., where he lived for some years. His health having failed, he was advised by his doctor to seek a change of climate. He accordingly, in May, 1844, joined a company with a train of one hundred wagons, bound for California, at that time but little known to people this side of the Rocky Mountains. The party reached Cache Creek in June, 1845, and there broke up. Marshall went to Sutter's Fort and procured employment from General Sutter. A year later the Mexicans made an attempt to drive Americans from their claims in California. Marshall, with Sutter and others as volunteers, assisted General Fremont in his resistance. After many hard fights, in which Marshall took part, the campaign resulted in a treaty recognizing the independence of California. Marshall then began the erection of a lumber-mill at Coloma, El Dorado County, General Sutter furnishing the capital. On the 18th of January, 1848, Marshall's attention was called to the glitter of a gold nugget which had been exposed by the action of water upon the bed of the mill-race he was constructing. On picking it up he found it different from anything he had seen before. Further examining it and wondering what it might be, he laid it on a stone and pounded it with another. It did not break into fragments or crumble under his blows, but flattened out, and he became satisfied that his find was gold. He searched for more. Within a few days he had collected a few ounces of the precious metal, and as he had occasion to visit Sutter's Fort in a short time, he took the specimens with him. He informed Sutter of his discovery, but the general was incredulous, and it was not until chemical experiments had settled the question beyond all doubt that he would admit that the mineral was gold. At last all doubts faded, and the excitement began to spread. In 1849 every sailing-vessel and steamer landing at San Francisco was crowded with adventurers. They knew that gold had first been found at Coloma, and many went thither. Without inquiry or negotiation they squatted upon Marshall's land about the mill, seized his work-oxen for food, confiscated his horses, marked the land off into town lots, and distributed them among themselves.

Thus robbed of his property, he perforce became a prospector, but never succeeded in finding much gold. The neighbors who had despised his possessions added insult to injury by presuming that he knew the whereabouts of rich deposits of gold and refused to give information of them, and persecuted him on these false suppositions. To add to his troubles, his title to the land he had purchased prior to his great discovery was questioned; he lost it all and died a poor man, though his discovery had led to the addition of untold millions to the wealth of California.

WILLIAM MORRIS AT HOME.

"WILLIAM MORRIS is a Welshman by blood, but I think he has never lived in Wales," says E. W. Lightner in a letter to the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*. "I have heard that his father was a very well-to-do man of business. The son is engaged in the manufacture of wall-paper, rugs and decorative hangings in silk and other material. He makes the designs himself, and when engaged in conversation is almost continually drawing pretty figures with pen or pencil if he be sitting at his desk. He also gives his personal attention to the making and application of the dyes. But the manufacturer, in connection with the man, is worth a chapter of itself."

"Mr. Morris is sixty years old, but appears less than fifty. He has a fine and delightfully healthy-looking physique. His full, gray beard and mustache do not conceal strong jaws and a determined mouth. He has large, bright, kindly eyes, and a capacious, intellectual forehead. Though sixty, he has still ample hair, which makes a narrow escape of being treated with carelessness and of standing up nearly straight on his head. He is exceedingly energetic in manner. He talks rapidly, though not fluently, in full, ringing tones. His thoughts seem to travel too fast for his tongue. I have been told that Mr. Morris has never spoken in public since his college days until he became a Socialist propagandist. If so, he has learned rapidly, for he is a very effective speaker, though, as in conversation, he hesitates—a fashion with many Englishmen, by-the-by—and stammers a little at times. But his points are so clear when they are made, that it is a keen pleasure to hear him questioned at a meeting by opponents of

Socialism and note how he beats them back at every onset.

"Mr. Morris lives in the western London suburb of Hammersmith, in what is called the Upper Mall, in a big, old-fashioned house, with nearly an acre of garden at the rear, which is made one of the most charming of city gardens with its well-kept lawn, flowers, fine trees and shrubbery. In front is the yard, with flowers and shrubbery, the shady street, a low wall, against whose base ripples the Thames, which is here a broad, clear, majestic river. Then there is the sweep of landscape, green fields and trees beyond, and all this makes Kemscott House a most attractive place, a fit abode for a poet or for the prophet and advocate of a new dispensation which shall surround all men with similar substantial comfort and beauty. A broad side-entrance leads to what was formerly a large stable and carriage-house, but as Mr. Morris does not indulge in the luxury of horses and carriages, it has been transformed into a meeting-house for the Hammersmith branch of the Socialist League, though a corner is reserved as a workshop where the poet puts on canvas in colors his artistic designs for domestic decoration. Here is also a free reading-room, the nucleus of a Socialist library, with a sprinkling of the best British and American periodicals."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

A CLERGYMAN in Nevada recently received his salary in the form of poker chips, which were redeemed at the bank.

THE pavilion of Henry IV. at St. Germain has been turned into a restaurant, and people dine in the very room in which Louis XIV. was born.

"GENESTA" is the botanical name for broom. The nautical term for a racing-yacht is "mug-hunter," because she sometimes wins the cup.

THE State census of New Jersey gives a total population of 1,276,825, a net increase since 1880 of 142,709. Three counties in the State show a decrease—Hunterdon, 1,150; Morris, 447, and Sussex, 1,138.

It is proposed to cut away a few trees near the mansion at Mount Vernon to form a vista through which the Washington Monument will be clearly visible from the porch. More than one hundred feet of the shaft will be visible.

JAPAN possesses at this moment 2,000 newspapers. Considering that not a single journal of any kind existed, or was thought of, in the country twenty-five years ago, this rapid rise and spread of the newspaper press there is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of journalism.

THE famous Temple Bar of London, which was recently taken down from the Strand, has found a home at last. The Coronation of London has bestowed the carefully numbered stones on the Council of the Albert Palace at Battersea, and the arch will form an entrance to the grounds from the adjoining park.

THE mesquite groves between Florence, A. T., and Casa Grande were lately alive with Pima Indians gathering mesquite beans for winter use. The crop this season is the largest ever known there, some of the trees having broken down under the fruit. The Pimas will live high for a number of months. The beans, ground up, are said to make a very palatable food.

STOVE-POLISH is made from plumbago, some of the richest mines of which are in Guaymas, Mexico. From the mines the plumbago comes in lumps of 150 pounds each. It is then crushed and separated by the use of huge pans, the coarse quality being sent through the crusher again, and only the very fine going into the bins to be mixed with oils and made into stove-polish. A factory with a capacity of a ton of blacking per day has just been started in San Francisco, the first and only one on the Pacific Coast.

AMONG the professional journals compiled in Paris in manuscript is the *Bon Guide*, the organ of beggars, containing information of great utility in their calling. For a subscription of eight sous a month they may consult it for a few minutes daily. It does not contain literature or politics, and all the articles are to the point. One may read: "To-morrow at noon, funeral of a rich man at the Madeleine"; "At one, marriage of a clerk—no importance"; "Wanted, a blind man who plays the flute"; or, "A cripple for a watering-place."

PAPER, it is said, is taking the place of cedar in the making of lead-pencils. A novel use for paper has been found in the manufacture of gas-pipes. In addition to being absolutely tight and smooth and much cheaper than iron, these pipes are of great strength, for when the sides are scarcely three-fifths of an inch thick they will stand a pressure of more than fifteen atmospheres. If buried underground they will not be broken by settlement, nor when violently shaken or jarred. The material being a bad conductor of heat, the pipes do not readily freeze.

SPEAKING of the Garfield Monument in Golden Gate Park, a paper of San Francisco wonders why it that sculptors in general select for their models frock coats of the most rural pattern, slovenly in the collar, baggy in the sleeves, loose at the shoulders, dragging across the back, and wrinkled in the skirts, as if the owner had traveled to his historic pedestal by stage or used his outer garment as a pillow. The President's coat fits him none too well, and the hand-me-down style of his dress is an undeniable petition to be placed above the reach of vulgar curiosity. A statesman's statue should be like the original, raised above the dead level of ordinary humanity, for familiarity breeds contempt, and the average mind refuses admiration and awe to a man whose coat looks as if it had been bought after a fire.

CALIFORNIA is now third in the list of petroleum-producing States of the United States. Pennsylvania leads, and New York is second. After California come West Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky. A little oil is found in Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico, although not much has been obtained in the latter places. California is gradually increasing her production, as new wells are opened in Southern California, and the industry is now a prosperous one there. As far back as 1878, 15,227 barrels were produced. In 1879 this increased to 19,858 barrels; 1880 showed returns of 42,399 barrels; 50,000 barrels in 1881, and 70,000 barrels in 1882. The year 1883 showed an increase, and in 1884 the production was over 100,000 barrels. A barrel is uniformly forty-two gallons. California consumes all the oil produced, and about 100,000 gallons per annum from the East as well.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THOMAS HUGES is on his way to the United States for another visit.

GENERAL LOGAN is writing a book of personal reminiscences of the war.

MAX MULLER has been ordered to abandon all work because of failing health.

In all, nine monuments to the memory of General Grant are in some stage of preliminary preparation.

MR. PHELPS, the American Minister at London, who has been ill from a cold, has gone into the country for a short rest.

SARAH BERNHARDT has become reconciled to her last husband, M. Damala, and is now negotiating for an American engagement for him.

EFFORTS are making to secure Roscoe Conkling, who is now in Carlsbad, to be one of the three orators who are to pronounce eulogies on Grant at the memorial services to be held in New York city about the middle of October.

DR. B. R. H. AUGER, a celebrated French physician and Surgeon-in-chief of the Hospital Lariboisiere, Paris, arrived in New York last week. It is Dr. Auger's purpose to visit Japan, China and the East Indies before returning to France.

THE Iowa Democrats have nominated Charles E. Whiting, a popular farmer, for Governor, and fused with the Greenbackers on the remainder of the State ticket. Governor Lowrey of Mississippi was last week renominated by the Democratic State Convention.

A \$5,000 GOVERNMENT fund was recently found sewed up in the skirt of Mrs. Hannah Sands, an old lady who died at Port Chester, N. Y., last Spring, and now her relatives are looking for \$100,000 which they think she had concealed in some old clothing.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE has two more novels in an advanced state, one of them being a tale of Constantinople at the time of its capture by the Turks, and the other, a story of American domestic life. His tale of "Ben Hur" paid him \$3,200 last year in royalties.

DANIEL LEROY, a member of an old Knickerbocker family in New York, died at his cottage in Newport last week, aged eighty-seven years. He was a great patron of art. He married a sister of ex-Secretary of State Hamilton Fish, and his sister married Daniel Webster.

SECRETARY ENDICOTT has gone to his home in Massachusetts, accompanied by his family. He expects to be absent from Washington until the 1st of October. There are but two members of the Cabinet now remaining in Washington: Attorney-general Garland and Secretary Lamar.

SIR RICHARD SUTTON, owner of the British cutter *Genesta*, is a most punctilious man regarding salutes, and gives and answers them with a readiness that suggests the employment of the paraphernalia of a small man-of-war; for the armament is kept continually busy during the runs about the crowded Narragansett Bay and Boston Harbor.

FROM a pleasant retreat in Germany, Miss Nevada, the charming singer, writes to friends that her marriage will take place early in October. There is to be a grand outpouring of singers of distinction and of fashionable folk whose acquaintance Miss Nevada has made during her distinguished career of the last two or three years. The marriage will take place in Paris.

MME. GAILHARD, wife of one of the directors of the Paris Grand Opéra, died recently under circumstances which have been much talked of in the French capital. This lady was but twenty-four years of age. The circumstances of her end turned upon the fatalistic number thirteen. She had been married thirteen months; she was ill thirteen days; and she was buried on the 13th.

SENATOR EDMUND, of Vermont, reached home from Europe last week. The Senator's trip to Europe was for the purpose of giving testimony before the House of Lords, touching certain disputed points of American law, involving one of the oldest peerages in England, the Earldom of Lauderdale, which yields an income of \$80,000 a year. While abroad he traveled extensively in England and Scotland.

AT a recent ball given in Willis's Rooms, London, the Maharajah of Johore, who appears at many of the swell entertainments there, was ablaze with diamonds and other glittering jewels. The supper-tables were enriched by the Ellenborough plate, which the Maharajah had recently purchased, being particularly appropriate to an Eastern potentate, as it had been presented to Lord Ellenborough when he was Governor-general of India.

ONE of the 40,000 persons who visited General Grant's tomb on Sunday, the 16th inst., was "Ellsworth's Avenger," Lieutenant Frank E. Brownell, a retired army officer, now living in Cleveland. He is a quiet man, of modest manners. When the Rebellion broke out he went with Ellsworth's Zouaves to the front. It was Brownell who, when Ellsworth was shot by Jackson, after the taking down of the rebel flag from Jackson's hotel in Alexandria, turned upon Jackson, shot him, and ran him through with a bayonet.

THE Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached on Sunday, the 16th instant, in John Wesley's great church, "City Road Chapel," London. His theme was, "Unappreciated Services," and his text, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff." Twenty thousand people were present. The streets leading to the church were lined with vehicles and pedestrians. So enormous was the crowd that Dr. Talmage was compelled to preach out-doors after his sermon in the church. Extraordinary enthusiasm prevailed.

MRS. GRANT has decided to remain a guest of Mr. Joseph W. Drexel, at Mount McGregor, until October 1st. What she will do after that she will rent or dispose of the house in Sixty-sixth Street, New York, and take a smaller dwelling. The house is in her name, and is worth, as estimated, about \$30,000 above the mortgage upon it. The Grant cottage at Long Branch belongs to her entirely, and she also owns a house in Washington. It is thought that the amount of prospective profits from the General's house will not be so large as commonly stated, but will probably reach \$200,000. The General presented the manuscript to Mrs. Grant before his death, so that it is hers to do as she pleases with, without regard to his will, made about a year ago.



Frank M. Baker, President.

Louis Neugass, Secretary.

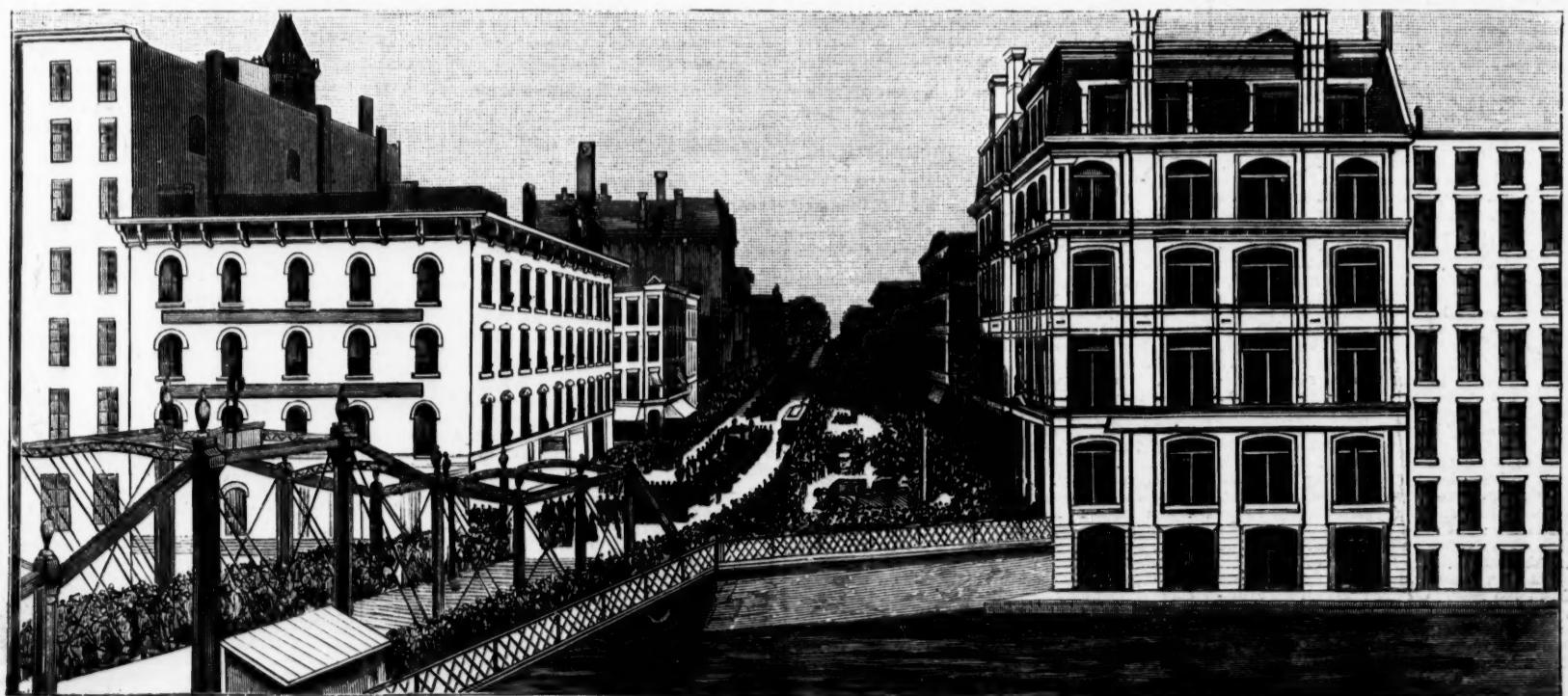
NEW YORK.—THE STATE FIREMEN'S CONVENTION AT SYRACUSE—GRAND PROCESSION AND REVIEW, AUGUST 14TH.
FROM PHOTOS, BY W. V. RANGER.

THE STATE FIREMEN'S CONVENTION.
THE New York State Firemen's Convention held at Syracuse, August 11th to 14th, was the most successful in the history of the Association. The attendance of delegates was very large—the largest ever known—fully 200 intelligent representatives of the volunteer fire companies of the State being in attendance, and well serving their respective organizations. Reports showed an addition of forty-two companies to the membership during the last year. Mr. Frank M. Baker was re-elected as president of the Association, with Louis Neugass, of Auburn, as secretary.

and James S. Murphy, of Buffalo, as treasurer. N. H. Gilbert, of Fulton, was elected national delegate, and Frank E. Plum, of Cortland, statistical officer. The next Convention will be held in Buffalo. On the 14th inst. the Convention came to an end in the largest parade of firemen ever seen in that part of the State. Five thousand firemen, with scores of bands, were in line. The parade was reviewed by General Slocum and General Carr, both of whom received an ovation from the firemen and the populace. It is estimated that 40,000 strangers were in the city during the day. In the evening the streets were for hours alive with the parades

of visiting firemen, who marched about the city with music, red fire and cheers. In the prize drill the following prizes were awarded: *First Prize*—Logan Hook and Ladder Company, of Auburn; *Second Prize*—McCreary Steamer Company, of Cohoes; *Third Prize*—Rockbottom Hose Company, of Binghamton; *Fourth Prize*—Chappel Hose, of Oneida. The Merrill Hose Company, of Canandaigua, won the prize given for the finest-appearing company. The citizens of Syracuse exhibited characteristic hospitality in the generous provision made for the entertainment of the visiting firemen.

THE GRANT OBSEQUIES IN MILWAUKEE.
THE Grant obsequies in Milwaukee deserve special notice on account of the size of the procession, and also as showing the enthusiasm of the members of the numerous organizations taking part—who marched through a drenching rain till thoroughly soaked, then engaged in the memorial exercises at the Exposition Building, and marched back to their respective halls without a murmur. The procession was headed by about fifteen companies of militia and marines; next came the catafalque and twenty pall-bearers, followed by a riderless horse and 600 ex-officers

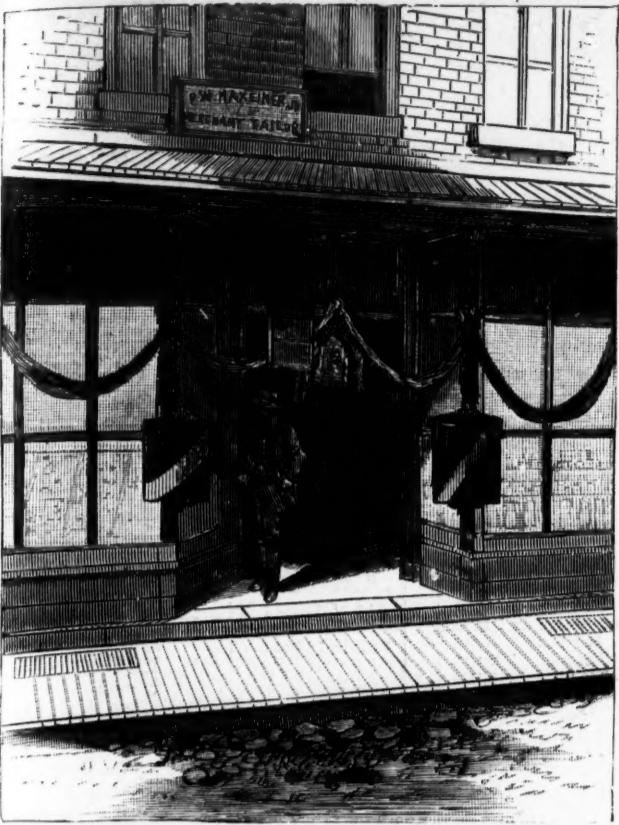


WISCONSIN.—THE GRANT OBSEQUIES IN MILWAUKEE, AUGUST 8TH—VIEW OF THE PROCESSION.
FROM A PHOTO, BY E. D. BANGS.

AUGUST 29, 1885.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

29



ILLINOIS.—THE STORE AT GALENA IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT WAS A CLERK FOR HIS FATHER IN 1859-61.

PHOTO. BY J. H. POOLEY.

and ex-soldiers as mourners. After these came the sons of veterans; three organizations of German veterans; about twenty civic societies; city authorities; Catholic societies; several hundred men from Bay View, etc. The procession was commanded by General and ex-Governor Fairchild, and the oration was by Rev. Olin A. Curtis, the "prize orator" of the Northwest. Our illustration shows the procession at the Wisconsin Street bridge—the catafalque being in the centre of two lines, which are halted until the catafalque and mourners have passed. The rain was commencing to pour as this view was taken. The procession numbered about 5,000 persons.

THE GRANT LEATHER-STORE IN GALENA, ILL.
THE romance surrounding the career of a great man who clears the whole distance from obscurity to worldwide fame at a

single bound, as did General Grant, attaches itself to every scene of his life, and especially to those which are most humble. Therefore, the picture of the Grant leather-store in Galena, Ill., which we give this week, cannot fail to be of interest. Jesse Grant was a tanner, and the owner of this store; and here his son Ulysses, having resigned his commission in the Army, served as clerk and apprentice during the four years preceding the outbreak of the Civil War. From this place he went, a plain, unknown workingman, to offer his services to the country. Four years later, the town was famous because he had lived in it; and the shabby leather-store became historic, like the place where once Garibaldi made candles.

REV. CANON FARRAR.

IT is announced, on the authority of a letter just received, that Rev. Frederick W. Farrar, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster, and the well-known author of the "Life of Christ" and other works, whose recent address at the Grant memorial services in Westminster Abbey has elicited the universal commendation of the American people, proposes shortly to visit this country, to remain for a period of two months or more. He will be accompanied by Dr. Francis Gerald Vesey, Archdeacon of Huntingdonshire, and a brother of Jean Ingelow, the poetess. Archdeacon Farrar's object is to see the country and to visit some friends; but he will not altogether abstain from intellectual labor during his stay. He has made an engagement to deliver the opening address before the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore. He then goes to Philadelphia and to Washington, and will be present at the Church Congress which meets at New Haven next month. From New Haven he will come to New York, where he has promised to deliver three lectures, and then goes to Boston and other places. In Boston and Philadelphia the lectures will be addressed to divinity students and ministers, on purely theological subjects. The subjects of the other lectures will be "Dante," "The Talmud and its Authors,"

and "Browning, the Poet." There can be no doubt that the Canon's reception by the great body of our people, no less than in purely intellectual circles, will be marked by the utmost cordiality. Canon Farrar was born in Bombay, in 1831, where his father, the Rev. C. R. Farrar, held the position of chaplain of the fort. Frederick Farrar received his early education at King William's College, in the Isle of Man; then entered King's College, London; and afterwards graduated at the London University, and was appointed University Scholar in 1852. Entering Trinity College, Cambridge, he took his Bachelor's Degree with high classical honors in 1854. He had already obtained the Chancellor's Prize for English Verse, by a poem on the "Arctic Regions." In 1854 he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Salisbury, and in 1857 he was admitted into priest's orders by the Bishop of Ely. For several years he was Assistant-Master of Harrow School, and from 1871 to



GREAT BRITAIN.—REV. DR. FREDERICK W. FARRAR, ARCHDEACON OF WESTMINSTER.

PHOTO. BY LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.

1876 he filled the position of Head Master of Marlborough College, where he exhibited that sympathetic intuition of the schoolboy's inner life which made Dr. Arnold so successful at Rugby. His tales of school and college life—"Eric; Or, Little by Little," "St. Winifred's; Or, The World of School," and "Julian Home"—though never so popular as "Tom Brown's School Days," did much to dispel the popular delusions about public-school life in England. Dr. Farrar was select preacher before the University of Cambridge in 1868, and again in 1874-5, and he was an honorary chaplain to the Queen from 1869 to 1873, when he was nominated one of Her Majesty's chaplains in ordinary. In 1876 he was appointed one of the canons of Westminster Abbey, and rector of the ancient Church of St. Margaret's, which stands under the shadow of the Abbey. In 1884 Canon Farrar became Archdeacon of Westminster and resigned the rectorship of St. Margaret's. It was from the pulpit of the Abbey that, on July 4th, 1879, he



NEW YORK CITY.—ICE-CREAM FOR THE POOR—A SCENE IN THE FIVE POINTS.
FROM SKETCH A BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 27.

confessed the folly of the course which alienated the American colonies from the mother country, and at the same time recognized the blessings to civilization and progress, on both sides of the Atlantic, which had followed that disruption. Canon Farrar's reputation as an author rests principally on his later theological works, among which the "Life of Christ," published in 1874, is conspicuous, though his "Life and Works of St. Paul," published in 1879, shows no diminution in vigor of style or picturesqueness of description. Among his other works are "The Fall of Man," "The Witness of History to Christ," and "Eternal Hope." He has become a copious contributor to religious and literary publications, some of his papers on philological subjects having attracted wide attention. As a preacher Archdeacon Farrar enjoys a reputation not inferior to that which he has acquired as an author, and Westminster Abbey is crowded with its utmost capacity whenever he occupies the pulpit. He belongs to the Broad Church school, and his theological views are exceedingly liberal, being akin to those held by Dean Stanley.

THE GREAT DEMAND FOR LESLIE'S PAPER.

L. C. COLLINS, the newsdealer, 149 South High Street, informed a *Dispatch* reporter to-day that up to noon he had booked seven hundred names for LESLIE'S PAPER illustrating General Grant's funeral. The list covers twenty pages of legal cap, and is twenty-four feet in length. A clerk has been kept busy for the last two days inscribing the names into a book. The orders are telegraphed to New York at the close of the day.—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

GENERAL GRANT'S FIRST NOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes: "Among the houses of historic interest in Washington, is one on the southwest corner of Seventeenth and F Streets. Here General Grant had his headquarters while General of the Army during the four years after the War, and up to the time he went into the White House as President. The house is an old-fashioned square brick building with the hall in the centre and the third story formed by dormer windows looking out of the roof. The building is now occupied by the Government for a division of the Second Auditor's clerks. General Dent told me the other day that it was in this house General Grant wrote the words, 'Let us have peace,' which, like 'I will fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer,' have already taken a place among the memorable sayings of great men. It was here at his headquarters, in 1868, that General Grant received General Hawley and the committee appointed to wait upon him and inform him of his nomination for President. When he received them, General Rawlins, General Dent, General Babcock, and others of his staff, were present. After the formal announcement by General Hawley, General Grant's conversational tone in his reply of acceptance at once made the visit more social than official, and quite divested it of all ceremony. He thanked them briefly, in his quiet manner, saying he greatly appreciated the honor, and would communicate his acceptance to the committee in writing.

"The next morning General Dent asked him if he had written his letter of acceptance, as he had promised the committee. General Grant replied, 'No, but I will do so now,' and turned round to his desk where he was sitting, and in a few minutes had written the letter. In the meantime others of his staff had come in. He looked up as he finished the letter, and said, 'I have used a word that does not give exactly my meaning. I want a synonym.' One was suggested, and he replied, 'That is just the word I want,' and erasing the word he had written, he substituted the other. He then read the letter aloud. General Rawlins went over to the desk, picked it up, and read it over to himself, apparently weighing every word carefully. Handing it to General Grant, he said, 'Just the thing, General. Put your name to it.' General Grant took up his pen, and adding the words, 'Let us have peace,' at once signed his name.

"One October afternoon, eight years after, General Grant was walking around the circular drive in the grounds of the White House, smoking his cigar. General Dent was with him, and in the course of conversation, he said to General Grant: 'Well, you will go out of this next March.' 'Yes,' the General replied, 'and I shall go without regret. When the hour comes that I can put on my hat and walk out of that gate as "Mr. Grant," I shall be a happy man again.' He said this with much earnestness, and added more earnestly: 'No one but myself can ever know how heavy my cares have been for twelve years. The responsibilities during the war were heavy enough, and often seemed more than I could bear. But these were light compared with the burdens over there, nodding towards the Executive Mansion, as he passed it in his walk. 'No one but myself can possibly know how like a free man I shall feel when I can shake off the weight.'

A LOSING GAME.

It is a London journal which tells the following amusing anecdote: "An American millionaire recently honored London with a visit. As he was walking down one of the busiest of our streets, one morning, his eye was attracted by an organ-grinder who was solemnly and lugubriously playing at the corner of a street. The top of the organ was covered with a smooth green cloth, which at once appealed to the intellect of the trans-Atlantic Cresus. For him the green cloth suggested but one thought, and that was gambling. He fancied himself in the presence of some peripatetic roulette-player, and he could not resist the temptation of taking a turn. So he stopped opposite the musical Italian, and tossed a gold coin cheerily on the surface of the hurdy-gurdy. The astonished foreigner stopped playing, grasped the coin, pocketed it, removed his hat, grunted out some voluble Tuscan thanks, and resumed his music. 'Lost that time,' the millionaire murmured to himself, and produced another coin. He tossed it again upon the board, from which it was again no less promptly and no less gratefully removed by the delighted musician. The millionaire shook his head. 'Ah, luck's against me,' he remarked, as he sent a third gold coin to gleam for a moment upon the green surface before it rapidly disappeared in the Italian's pocket. Another and another coin went the same way, without wearing out the patience of the American. But at last, when some six sovereigns had transferred themselves from his keeping to that of the

organ-grinder, the American bent forward, and in a tone of the intensest curiosity whispered into the ear of the amazed Italian, 'Say, stranger, what do you call this game, anyhow?'

INOCULATION IN INDIA.

INOCULATION has been practiced from time immemorial in certain regions—as a religious rite but not universally. Vaccination of the natives was introduced in 1864, and the only objection that can be urged against it is that it is giving rise to a very serious difficulty by removing one of the most potent checks to that over-population which is threatening India as the most serious evil of British rule. In a large district north of Allahabad, where neither inoculation nor vaccination is practiced, ninety-five per cent. of the population are marked, and "in the graphic language of the country, each smallpox-marked case represents a death from the disease." The growth of public opinion among the natives during the last twenty years of vaccination experience is curiously shown by the fact that at first, in villages under the inspection of officers carrying out the female infanticide act, only the girls of high caste were brought to the vaccinators. Now this is changed—the boys are vaccinated and the girls are left unvaccinated. The explanation of this is, that, among the castes in question, the family dishonor of having unmarried daughters is deemed so great that female infanticide has only been suppressed by stringent legislation. When vaccination was first practiced the prejudice against it was so decided that the girl infants were offered in expectation of its fatal results, but instead of this, "the boys in these families were swept off in numbers by smallpox; the girls lived." Here was a selective experiment of peculiarly instructive character, the variation in the relative number of the sexes being so easily determined.

FUN.

I chose my wife as she did her wedding-gown, for qualities that would wear well.

A ROSE by any other name than Cleveland would not sell her book half as fast just now.

A NEW story is entitled "The Editor's Wallet." We have not read it, but we know it must be very flat.

MACKEREL are so plentiful and cheap that the fishermen don't care whether the school keeps or not.

"Good gracious!" said the hen, when she discovered the porcelain egg in her nest, "I shall be a bricklayer next."

CIGAR-ASHES will stop heartburn, but what the cigar itself will do depends on how many you get for a nickel.

"I HAVEN'T taken a drop of liquor for a year," said an individual of questionable morals. "Indeed! But which of your features are we to believe—your lips or your nose?"

THE American Indian cannot expect to take his rightful place in politics as long as he is content to wear a blanket and a stovepipe hat. Such costume cannot look dignified, even when the wearer is sober.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

ONE of the largest houses in the artistic porcelain and glass business of New York is that of Davis, Collamer & Co. Their head salesman is Mr. Alonzo Clark, a gentleman of about forty years of age. Not long since, they came near losing him by death. But he is again at his important post, and in a very fair state of health.

To one who recently called on Mr. Clark, to inquire about his recovery, he said:

"About a year and a half ago I caught a severe cold. My lungs became inflamed, and my whole system was prostrated. Soon I showed all the symptoms of consumption. I was entirely disabled. I was in the care of one of the best-known physicians in the city, and one of the most expensive ones. But physicians could do little or nothing for me. The nearest they came to finding out what was the matter with me was when they advised me, if I had any business affairs to settle, to see about it as early as possible, as I could not last long.

"After I got rid of the doctors who had given me up to die, I grew a little better, and was able to drag myself down to the store. Two lady customers spoke to me about Compound Oxygen, and advised me to go to the New York office of Drs. Starkey & Palen. I knew nothing about the remedy, but concluded to try it at a venture. On taking a few inhalations I was surprised at the effect on me.

"When I commenced with the Oxygen I had not for months slept in a bed. I had been compelled to take such sleep as I could get by reclining in a chair. After inhaling the Oxygen a while, I began to enjoy refreshing sleep for two or three hours at a time. Soon I found myself able, to my great delight, to attend to business as of old. I had not all my former strength, of course, but I was rapidly gaining, and have kept on gaining ever since. I cannot say too much for Compound Oxygen, for it has brought me back to the condition of health in which you see me now, after the physicians had told me that I must die."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of diseases, will be sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Oh, minstrel! spare that joke,
No word of it speak thou;
In youth it tickled me,
But it can't tickle now.

DECIDED superiority is claimed for the ANGLO-SWISS MILK Food in comparison with any other infantaceous Food for infants. No so-called Milk Food consists entirely of milk; all are partly composed of cereal products, involving, when not properly prepared, the presence of an injurious amount of starch, which the highest authorities agree in condemning for young children. The ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK COMPANY overcomes this objectionable feature of Milk Food as usually supplied, by meeting an essential requirement in the method of preparing it, so that when gradually heated with water, according to the directions for use, the starch contained in the materials used is converted, in a satisfactory degree, into soluble and easily digestible dextrose and sugar.

The ANGLO-SWISS MILK Food has been found to meet these essential conditions to the satisfaction of physicians and others who have taken the pains to examine it, and invited critical examination of it in comparison with any other Food.

Do not forget to add to your lemonade or soda ten drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS. It imparts a delicious flavor and prevents all Summer diseases. Be sure to get the genuine ANGOSTURA, manufactured by DA. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

DR. JOS. HOLT, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."

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IS REMOVED BY THE USE OF CO-COINE,
AND IT STIMULATES AND PROMOTES THE GROWTH OF THE HAIR.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best.

BILIOUS, DYSPEPTIC, NERVOUS INVALIDS GROW STRONG, Ruddy and healthy by the use of the LIEBIG CO.'S COCA BEEF TONIC. "It gives more tone than anything I have ever prescribed," says Professor H. GOULLON, M.D., LL.D., Physician to the Grand Duke of Saxony, etc.

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"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" is a concentrated, potent alterative, or blood-cleansing remedy, that wins golden opinions from all who use it for any humor, from the common pimple, blotch or eruption, to the formidable scrofulous swelling or ulcer. Internal fever, soreness and ulceration yield to its benign influences. Consumption, which is but a scrofulous affection of the lungs, may, in its early stages, be cured by a free use of this God-given remedy. See article on consumption and its treatment in Part III. of the World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets; costs two stamps, postpaid. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Perfectly Restore the Hearing,

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LUNDHORST'S PERFUME, MARÉCHAL NIÉL ROSE.
LUNDHORST'S PERFUME, ALPINE VIOLET.
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DR. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" IS NOT EXCOTLED AS A "CURE-ALL," BUT ADMIRABLY FULFILLS A SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE, BEING A MOST POTENT SPECIFIC IN THOSE CHRONIC WEAKNESSES PECULIAR TO WOMEN. PARTICULARLY IN DR. PIERCE'S PAMPHLET TREATISE ON DISEASES PECULIAR TO WOMEN, 96 PAGES, SENT FOR THREE STAMPS. ADDRESS WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP SHOULD ALWAYS BE USED FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHEA.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

NO TROUBLE TO SWALLOW.

DR. PIERCE'S "PELLETS" (THE ORIGINAL "LITTLE LIVER PILLS"), AND NO PAIN OR GRIPING. CURE SICK OR BILIOUS HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, AND CLEANSE THE SYSTEM AND BOWELS. 25 CENTS A VIAL.

NERVOUS, DEBILITATED MEN.

YOU ARE ALLOWED A FREE TRIAL OF THIRTY DAYS OF THE USE OF DR. DYE'S CELEBRATED VOLTAIC BELT, WITH ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY APPLIANCES, FOR THE SPEEDY RELIEF AND PERMANENT CURE OF NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF VITALITY AND MANHOOD, AND ALL KINDRED TROUBLES. ALSO FOR MANY OTHER DISEASES. COMPLETE RESTORATION TO HEALTH, VIGOR AND MANHOOD GUARANTEED. NO RISK IS INCURRED. ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, WITH FULL INFORMATION, TERMS, ETC., MAILED FREE BY ADDRESSING VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

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WHY WILL ANY ONE SUFFER FROM CORNS WHEN THEY CAN GET A BOTTLE OF THE "GERMAN CORN REMOVER"—A CERTAIN AND PAINLESS REMEDY FOR BOTH CORNS AND BUNIONS—OF ANY DRUGGIST FOR 25 CENTS. THERE ARE WORTHLESS IMITATIONS—SIMILAR IN NAME. BE SURE TO GET THE "GERMAN CORN REMOVER" C. N. CRITTENDON, SOLE PROPRIETOR, 115 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

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Loss of appetite, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, etc.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and those who use it are always ready to say a good word in its favor. Mrs. C. Johnson, 310 Hicks st., Brooklyn, N. Y., suffered greatly from debility, and says: "I did not think it was in the power of medicine to produce such a wonderful change as Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected in my case. I feel that I have entered a new life." Mrs. E. R. Henry, 4th st., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For years I was badly afflicted with Salt Rheum in my hands. My physician advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so. The result was perfectly satisfactory. I have more recently used it in my family with equally pleasing effect. It merits all that is claimed for it. As a blood purifier

IT IS

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any disorder that arises from impurities existing in the blood. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people live longer, and enjoy better health, for purifying the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. John W. Starr, Laconia, Iowa, writes: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best blood medicine of the day. I was troubled with scrofulous complaints for several years. I took only two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and now feel like a new man." A. S. Pettinger, M. D., Glen Gardner, N. J., writes: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla is an excellent alterative tonic, and in all cases where such a remedy is needed I prescribe it." Mrs. H. M. Thayer, Hillside st., Milton, Mass., writes: "Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

sarsaparilla has no equal."

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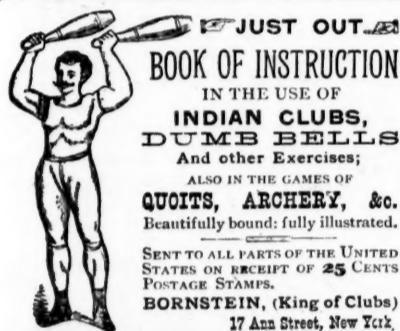
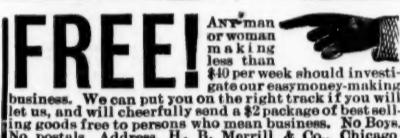
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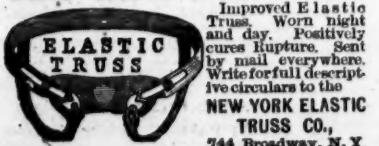
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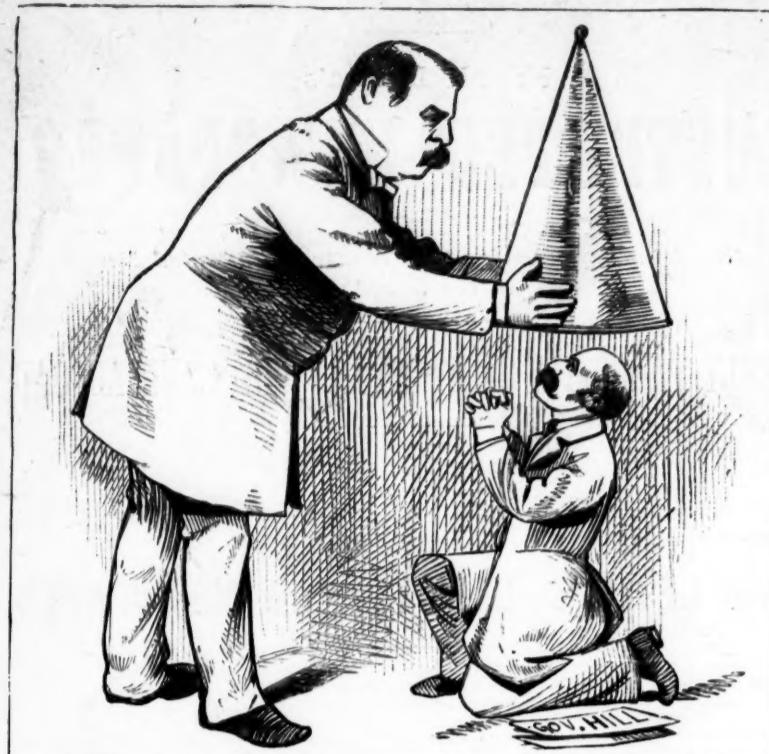
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